

Collier's for January 9, in Two Sections. Section ONE

UNIVERSITY CLUB

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# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Incomplete Without Section Two



BEHIND THE BATTLE FRONT *By Arthur Ruhl*

# THE VALUE OF NATIONAL TRADE-MARKS

## *A Lesson From Germany*

Contrary to general opinion, Germany did not invent her national trade-mark, "Made in Germany," now so universally known. Nor did she voluntarily adopt it. It was forced upon her by England. Germany is in debt to England for her greatest commercial asset—the best known national trade-mark in the world!

To protect her own industries, England passed a law forbidding the importation of manufactured goods not marked with the name of the country of origin. German manufacturers were compelled, much against their will, to label their goods "Made in Germany" in order to get them into England.

It was a measure aimed specifically against Germany—a measure intended to cripple German industry by giving the English public a means of identification by which they might avoid German goods.

England claimed that German goods were inferior and that English buyers must have an easy means of protection against them—therefore they must be labeled.

The joke was on England. The trade-mark had the effect that trade-marks always have. It immediately forced higher standards of manufacture in Germany. No sensible man will trade-mark inferior goods—the trade-mark makes it easy for the buyer to identify them and therefore to avoid buying them a second time. On the other hand, the trade-marking of superior goods makes second and sub-

sequent sales easy. The buyer pins his faith to the trade-mark, once he has been pleased. The trade-mark cuts both ways. It is fatal to the second-rate. It is life to the first-rate.

"Made in Germany" very quickly became an asset to Germany because German manufacturers could not afford to send out labeled goods that would not make good with consumers.

Germany soon learned the value of a national trade-mark—and the value of the national publicity that results from it. It has taken a great war to teach the same lesson to the United States—but it would seem that we have learned it, judging from the response to Collier's plea for a "Made in U. S. A." trade-mark.

No law, except the law of commonsense, compels us to adopt such a trade-mark. But the commonsense of such a course has become obvious even to the careless manufacturer who has thrived heretofore on our unexampled American prosperity, due to our great resources and our rapid growth.

Collier's daily mail proves to us that American manufacturers are committed to the idea of a national trade-mark. That means that they are automatically and irrevocably committed to superiority of manufacture, because excellence alone can carry trade-marked goods to success.

YOU SERVE YOUR OWN INTERESTS WHEN YOU ENCOURAGE NATIONAL PROSPERITY, NATIONAL PRESTIGE AND HIGHER STANDARDS OF MANUFACTURE BY INSISTING THAT THE GOODS YOU BUY BEAR THE NAME AND TRADE-MARK OF THE MANUFACTURER AND THE NATIONAL TRADE-MARK

"MADE IN U. S. A."

*E. L. Patterson*

Number Fifteen

Vice-President and General Manager  
P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.



# Go There in a Detroit Electric



**B**USINESS men in increasing numbers find their Detroit Electrics ideal for daily trips to and from the office.

In fact, the Detroit Electric daily performs a three-fold task. At one trip it takes the head of the house to the office, the children to school—and then the wife drives it on her rounds for shopping or calling.

All day long you "go there in a Detroit Electric"—wherever "there" may be. Your car becomes a real part of your daily life. Everything considered, the

## Detroit Electric

is a better investment, we believe, than any other automobile in the world. For it provides luxury, ever-readiness, all-the-year utility and economy to a degree found in no other car.

It is easily equal to the task of covering 98 per cent of all the trips you would ever make (60 to 75 miles at a speed of 20 to 25 miles an hour). And the Detroit Electric is so simple to run that all members of the family can operate it with perfect safety.

Building *one-third of all the electric pleasure cars sold*, we not only give you superior quality but save you from \$300 to \$500 in your electric car purchase—when you consider the larger battery and motor; giving 15 to 20 per cent more power; the silent, frictionless worm gear; the beautiful and durable aluminum body; the fine Turkish upholstery; and the lower operating cost (records of 1423 Detroit Electrics kept in private garages averaged only \$6.22 monthly charging cost).

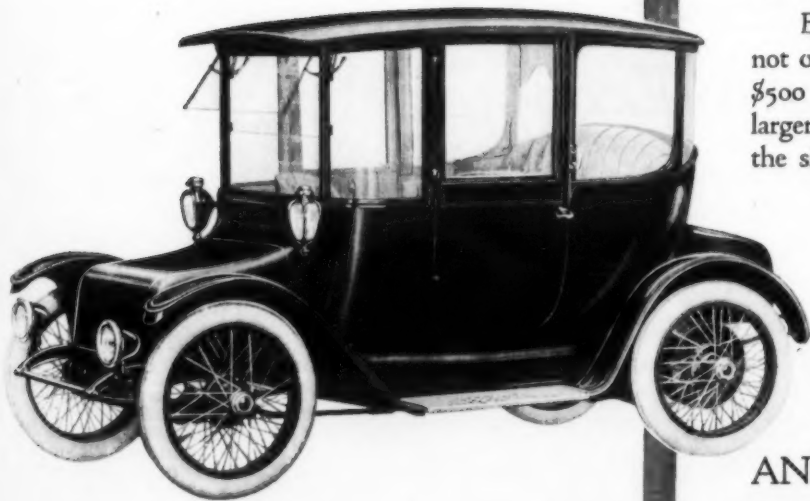
Our dealer will tell you more points of superiority. He will gladly help you settle this electric car question. Catalog and dealer's name on request.

**ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO., Detroit**

*World's Largest Manufacturers  
of Electric Pleasure  
Vehicles*



Boston New York Chicago  
Kansas City Cleveland  
Minneapolis



Cabriolet Roadster, 3 passenger . . . . .	\$2650
Rear Drive Brougham, 4 passenger . . . . .	\$2850
Duplex Drive Brougham, 5 passenger . . . . .	\$3000
Forward Drive Brougham, 5 passenger . . . . .	\$2950
Rear Drive Brougham, 5 passenger . . . . .	\$2950
Rear Drive Brougham, 4 passenger . . . . .	\$2600

F. o. b. Detroit

**See the Detroit Electric Exhibit at the Motor Show**

# Let's talk sense about motor car economy

There has been a lot said about *what is* and *what is not* motor car economy. You may have been told that it is economy to buy a cheap car. But you can clearly see that the first price is not the *real* cost of any automobile. A cheap car—like most other cheap things—is pretty expensive in the long run. After all, it's really the *monthly price* you pay—the upkeep cost for service—that tells whether your car is economical or not. Now, upkeep cost depends upon three things—gasoline cost, oil cost and repair cost. Let's face these facts frankly and figure out in which of these three there is a chance for the *greatest* economy.



## The Big Saving Isn't in Gasoline

There are other "Light Sixes" as sparing of gasoline as this Chalmers. We admit this frankly. But then—the most you could possibly save in gasoline wouldn't amount to much. There is less than \$25 difference in a season's gasoline cost between any two "Light Sixes" on the market.



## The Big Saving Isn't in Oil

Nor is the Chalmers \$1650 "Six" more saving in oil than many other "Light Sixes." But oil is the cheapest thing you buy for your car. A season's cost of oil for any car is really a minor expense.



## But Here's Where There's *Real* Saving

It's your repair bill that determines the *real cost* of your car. For one repair bill will wipe out a season's saving in oil and gasoline. So the car that has the lowest repair expense—the \$1650 "Chalmers Six"—is the *cheapest* car to own. Its service costs you least. And your satisfaction and comfort are consequently greater.

## The Chalmers Six "Stays Put" —that's Why it is so Economical

Four big features of this car enable it to stand the hardest service without noticeable effect.

These are—right construction, right weight (undue weight is bad—under-weight is worse), proper balance and scientific distribution of weight, and best quality materials.

At the point of service where some "Light Sixes" begin to rack and jar and develop need for

repairs, the Chalmers "Light Six" is running smoothly, "sweetly" and powerfully.

At the time other cars begin to pile up repair bills this car goes on its way holding expense down to the lowest notch. A month by month comparison with other "Light Sixes" during the past season will prove every statement made about this car's remarkable economy.

Make a note on *your* memo pad to see the Chalmers "Light Six" today.



**Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit**



# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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# COLIN McCABE: RENEGADE

BY ANITA FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY  
F. C. YOHN

*This story by Miss Fitch won a \$500 prize in Collier's \$9,500 prize contest. Another prize-winning story, "Anent A Biscuit Shooter," by Francis Hill, will be published in an early issue*

A THOUSAND years away seem the happenings of this story. Yet here is the South that I once knew, and its strange people are mine own people; and so, too, the story comes like yesterday.

Between our house and a high stone wall, with a murderous row of broken bottles at the top, there was a grove of great pine trees that my mother always said moaned and wrung their branches for the sorrows of South Carolina. This saying, which seems to me so dear and foolish now, must have come at the time of fall or winter winds; but I only thought, even then, of the fair house behind the garden wall; the fine house that black folks—good black folks, faithful house servants and Democrats—called Hell's Roost. The master of that house, the black folks said, had sold his country for thirty pieces of silver; and thus, whenever there was mention of the wailing pine trees, I wondered if he would burst asunder as had done Judas after he had betrayed our Lord. My young mother frequently spoke of the traitor, sometimes admitting with a curious wistfulness that he was plainly a gentleman born. Many and many a time she told how he had come to Bramley Roads; as a soldier, as any of our soldiers had come at the close of the war, yet with a difference. "Dressed in gray and dressed in blue," said my poor, fair Southern mammy, adding always, "and with the closest mouth a man was ever born with."

As to the Federal note in the strange soldier's uniform, it had seemed nothing at the time. Our own men, the ones we could place—men from the dear low country and from Bramley Roads and near-by villages, who had straggled into the town to stay or go on—all suggested a little borrowing from "the other side" in the way of articles of dress; even my father, my brave sodger pappy, now dead from the hardships of long-ago battle fields, had come with a Yankee blanket tied over his scarecrow rags. But as time went on, the blue flash of Colin McCabe's soldier dress—a coat entire, and one indecently new—had seemed an indication of his latent infamies. When his fall from grace came, people began to remember that he had drawn three glittering gold pieces from the blue coat's pockets, paying with these for his first lodging in the town. Gold pieces! when South Carolina was sitting like an angel with broken wings in the ruins of her sovereignty; which meant, I suppose, in big or little piles of worthless Confederate money, as well as in a depth of woe that passed all understanding. So my darling mammy talked, so all the big folks of my world talked—and until I knew him and loved him I went on expecting Colin McCabe to burst asunder. Curious enough, curious and sweet was the tale of his first doings in Bramley Roads. He had opened a little grocery store pretty soon and the best people in the town, the best to me—the dear war refugees who were so picturesque in my time, my friends and kith and kin—had given him their patronage and social favor, given him all they could give and for obviously good reasons. He had been a brave soldier—that seemed to have been proved: proved

beyond a doubt—he was young and handsome and evidently that most desirable of all things, a gentleman. On the top wave of approval he had floated, holding the respect of men despite his secrecy concerning his former life—winning the whole big heart at last of the most dashing beau in the town; holding his own with women, those more prying angels, with equal ease. How charmingly he had danced at the refugees' balls!—waltzing in the "finger way" with his friend's own sweetheart, and seeming to adore her, too! How delicious he had been in charades; how distinguished over the counter of the grocery store, seeming there like a little emperor in disguise—little only in body—amusing himself for a moment with lowly pastimes. But after a moment of glory—for social glory and grocery stores were by no means incompatible in those unsettled days—he had put up the shutters of his little shop forever. Opportunity had come and he was ready for it; the respect of men and women, the paltry pennies made over the counter of a country store were to be despised; decent dealings with butter and eggs—with sweet potatoes and gunny sacks of lightwood knots!—gave way to a fearful juggling with the hearts and souls of men. Reconstruction had come!

Reconstruction and the hordes of vandals who were to put the real curse on the black vote; the carpetbaggers, thieves, scoundrels, all those oily-tongued, light-fingered destroyers of Southern peace, who were to madden freedmen with their false promises and point out to Colin McCabe the swift way to fortune and power.

Into corrupt politics he plunged, going his base associates ten better in corrupt ways; speechifying from cellar doors and barbecue stumps with brilliancy and seeming conviction—with appalling conviction; reaping black votes with each breath, and still more black votes—reaping them by the "peck, by the bushel, by the cartload!" Not a word had he whispered to his friends of his intention; the defection came as a thunderclap. In one week he became as a leper to his own. Sometimes the man who had held him closest to his bosom—Tom Bramley, one of our most passionate patriots, as we called men of his sort—went to listen to his Radical speeches, putting his life in peril every time he elbowed his way into the breathless black crowd. It seemed punishment to the traitor.

"I reckon McCabe would rather have been shot any time than to see Tom there, looking as if he wouldn't wipe his boots on him," my mother would say. And she told how Mr. Tom had feazed the Radical more times than one; at sight of the patriot's white, wickedly smiling face his own had turned green once—as green as Robespierre's—and he had looked as if you could knock him down with a feather. And it wasn't fright either, for Colin McCabe wasn't afraid of the Old Scratch himself. It was just the decent spot in him, the man of him, that had sickened at sight of his old friend's scorn and loathing; the iron had entered his soul. Pretty soon after this, you heard, he began taking drugs, taking everything else,



Such was the story of the master of the fine house, which my little twin brother and I were to visit, in time, with as much joy as if it were the most gracious Democratic home. And except for the gossip concerning his later life in the town—gossip that could not always be proved—I fancy that is all anybody ever knew of him. For I remember his being called a man of mystery to the end; remember my mother and all the other ladies of the refugee set vowing in their florid way that he had come to Bramley Roads with a shadow upon his life—with some shame that he would never dare tell.

Why else had he been so willing to stake his destiny on the chances of the one-horse town?—over whose grass-grown streets and closed stores and mourning homes he had looked, upon his arrival, with a species of gentlemanly disgust. Why else had he been so willing to stay when he had grown rich?—grown rich in the quick, mysterious way all big Radicals grew rich: in the dangerous way—and must face every hour of his life the undying hatred of his fellow townfolk.

Yes, it all pointed to the one thing: Colin McCabe had left shame behind him somewhere when he came to Bramley Roads; and he had brought his "devil" along with him.

In my littlest days, before we moved to the big house next the pine grove, I thought that Pleasure Bailey, the great Radical's black servant and bodyguard, must be this much-mentioned "devil." For there was something unholy in the negro's mere looks, something half human, half huge and shapeless black panther, like the dreadful beasties in colored people's stories.

And long before I was so high I had known of the negro's own sins against South Carolina: I had seen my young mother hurriedly cross the street to escape the jostling of his brutal shoulders or the snatch of growling talk about white mens and white 'omans; I had felt the terrified banging of my heart, and known of the banging of my little brother's heart, when, at the mere sight of him, we rushed from the clay road, where we played so often, grabbing up toys and puppies as we went. If we dropped one, a toy or a puppy, oh, the dark thing that came! I remember the bitter passing of one doggie, a wee, brave, foolish hound baby that always wiggled out of your arms and ran back to bark in its squeaky way at bad folks: one stamp of the big feet . . . one crunch. O God!

There he was, Pleasure Bailey, Colin McCabe's nigger and bodyguard, the cruelest and most shameful nigger, and the ablest bodyguard in ten Radical-ridden counties.

"He hated all helpless things," said my mother when I was wondering in aftertimes why the negro had seemed to hate Colin McCabe himself so bitterly at last.

"All helpless things! All sorrowing souls!"

I was to come to intimate terms with both master and man. How strange it seems now!

**I**DON'T remember when we moved to the big house next the pine grove—from whence Davie and I were to go so often to Hell's Roost, with no more fear of Pleasure Bailey than if he were a black beetle; but I recall the old house distinctly.

A big rambling mansion it was, with crazy piazzas and tumbling fences, seeming in the dusk, with its weed-grown grounds, like an abandoned spider web. How my little brother and I could have laughed so much there, and become so strong and fearless, seems to me rather astounding now, for the old gray house was full of need and tearful memories and bitter talk of our oppressors.

Yet (and that part seems to me so lovely to recall!) there must have been some light-hearted foolishness in my mother's worried life; for, somehow, I associate the most thrilling of the talk with the making of ball dresses, pitiful, ravishing things, conjured from ghostly raiment taken from a pair of shabby caskets we called the before-the-war trunks. They were always made-over sweetnesss, those long-ago ball frocks, and all the dear ladies who came to sew with my mammy seemed to be tinkering on the same sort of finery.

How much I loved it all, the precious pretty old frocks and the high-flown talk of better days! For there was always talk of better days—deliciously braggish babble that seemed as holy as whispers of the dead; and I suppose I must have known to a T, after a while, why none of the dear gossipers had gone back to the city and island homes—to the fair plantations

*His blue eyes swept our shuttered house. Peepers were there, you knew, and he knew it, too*



on the Pedee and Santee Rivers—of which they spoke so magnificently. As long as Radicals were on top, holding the public offices denied their own menfolks, gathering all the money to be had into their pockets and vaults, there in that hard town of exile they must remain, making their ball frocks out of the fineries of better days until the last wisps of them were used up—even fashioning their orange blossoms, in time of utter dearth, out of snips of longcloth, stuffed out with cotton; still marrying their lovers and bearing their babies and burying their dead.

Oh, what a sweet and moving picture it still holds for me, that bedroom of the long ago: where needles went in and out of sacred fabrics, and only brass thimbles tumbled to the floor because gold ones had been sold long ago for bread; where tears fell sometimes because a husband or brother—any dear, long-legged patriot you knew and loved—had taken to drink because of the dreadful conditions!

Perhaps none of these darling women were as grand as I think them now. But I love to picture them in a nimbus of ruined splendor, love to feel that they were braver than any other women I have ever known or ever will know. It seems sweet even to call over their names sometimes, and to think of the occupations with which they eked out the slender resources of their men providers, though widows and orphans, I know, were in the ascendant in these gatherings; one taught dancing—Mrs. Bramley, the wife of the patriot who had confused Colin McCabe's Radical speeches; one made and sold pound cake and ice cream and light bread; one fashioned calico frocks and homespun breeches for any decent negro for minute sums. One—and oh, how well I remember her!—did a mysterious thing called "copying" for a Radical office, this poor lady crying out tragically sometimes, over her pretty sewing, that her "bread was soaked in blood and tears."

There were others. . . .

But when anybody was there, whatever the talk had been, it would veer round at last to our neighbor—Colin McCabe, Southerner and Radical; Big Radical, the sort who held innumerable strings, touched innumerable wires, all resulting in fat perquisites. There was one story of a superb coup in the way of thievery; so many thousands—oh, a lot of them; quite forty, maybe more—handed over to him by a minion of the Government conducting the sales of confiscated property. All in one week!

I often wondered what the three glittering gold pieces, taken from the pocket of the Yankee coat, had to do with the dark story of him.

And I wonder still. . . .

But what did any of it matter to Davie and me at last, when we were going forth, every day, to nestle in Colin McCabe's bosom—joining him, maybe, under the very noses of our darling gossipers as he came along the clay road to his home at dusk, looking in his littleish, red-blond, well-dressed way such a distinguished man still, such a dangerous man always.

For the pistol bump was sure to be under his fine coat tail, his short red mustache bristled, his beaver hat sat on the back of his head, and his blue eyes—gray-blue, heavy-lidded eyes, so curiously hard when

wide open—were sure to sweep our shuttered house with the Radical glance, a glance that fairly drenched it with insult. (Peepers were there, you knew, and he knew it, too.)

Lastly there was Pleasure Bailey, always at his heels at nightfall—if he were not walking at his master's side, holding him up by the elbow, something that happened very frequently at last.

"Well, comrades!"

This was his greeting for us, coming with a look of the gray-blue eyes that was not all hard; coming with the something that had helped to make him so powerful in the Radical party, something electric and pulling.

And then, hanging to his gloved hands, over to his fine home we would go, to eat of the food bought with our country's moneys, to play in the fair garden bought in the same way.

"Lord! he can have my children if he wants them, poor wretch!" my mammy was saying at this time to the visitors who objected, though she was pretty certain to add, in her dear Southern way, that we two bullet-headed brats were the only decent white folks to take his hand or break bread with him since his fall.

**A**BLUR of white and green—the evergreen and blows that you were born to; magnolias, Cape jasmine, and great shattering roses, breaking apart with a gush of spicy scent; these things, and the face of a marble lady, peeping wistfully at you down a long, cool vista as you stood outside the great iron gates munching sugar plums and waiting to eat Colin McCabe's fine dinner.

So his garden comes back to me oftenest, always with summertime, with the blows and green to which I was born.

Yet I saw it with the springs and the winters and falls—saw it when all the beauty was swept away!

Improper, the big folks called the marble lady—why, I can never tell now—and often Davie and I went to stare at her lovely nudity, just as we leaned back in our chairs when we were dining in the Painted Room to stare at the blur of ravishing color on its domed ceiling. This chamber, which was the object of talk more than enough, was our favorite of all the rooms in the big house; and even if public moneys—our own moneys—had bought the apple-blossom ladies and kissing cupids, as thick as bees, floating over the ceiling, we didn't care a fig.

Big and dusky and cool in summertime was the Painted Room; and there were mirrors—mirrors somewhere—for I remember seeing the lights of the candles and the flowers of the table in them; seeing the shadowy faces of the ceiling, and Davie's and my country-children clothes, Pleasure Bailey's monstrous black face, and Colin McCabe's, when it had looked once as if his devil were behind him.

There must have been other servants than Pleasure for the care of the big house and garden. Yet except for a black mammy cook—a garrulous, high-tempered soul, as false to the trust imposed in her as was Pleasure Bailey—no other face comes back to me but that of the detested bodyguard and handy man.

Pleasure answered the gate when we went over alone, and waited on the table always, getting about with a marvelous nimbleness despite the dragging of one leg, and coming in and going out of the Painted Room in humble servitor way, with a laden waiter upon his head and his waiter-boy napkin over his arm.

At first it had seemed odd to Davie and me, knowing all that we knew of the cruel, crafty, venomous negro—knowing even the dark sin connected with his dragging leg—to see him there serving us, hearing him speak to us with something that might pass for deference.

But, then, the gentleman in Colin McCabe had accomplished that wonder—as well as the dangerous man of him.

"Miss Cissy and Mr. Davie, Pleasure," our host would say when he had his wits about him; with the hard eye and icy tone that seemed to indicate some sort of danger for somebody.

"Miss and Mr. for my guests, Pleasure. Don't make me tell you again, my friend."

And then again:

"Serve Miss Cissy first, Pleasure. Ladies first always!" And at the end of this, the same punctuating remark—"don't make me tell you again, my friend."

Ah me, how well I remember the glories and dignities of the Painted Room—and, too, the good things to eat; particularly the dishes of ambrosia, that fruity mess of delectable taste—so rare in Democratic homes!—which came to the table in a round glass bowl, looking like the golden summer moon. Only to see it made Davie and me feel good—feel as spotless of sin as are the cherubim of Paradise.

And how well I remember the tragedies, too, the sudden bursts of temper between master and man—when Pleasure Bailey was feeling his own power—the scathing talk of the Democratic party, your own party, when Colin McCabe was in a dark mood with the world that he had lost.

"Davie, man," said the great Radical on one of these occasions, looking down at the foot of the table, where my little brother was sitting in the long home—



spun breeches and brass-toed boots that made his short legs seem so quaint and dear—"Davie, man, I would like you to take a message to your friend, Mr. Tom Bramley. Pray tell him that Colin McCabe is ready to meet him at any time and in any place. Davie, man, tell him that one of us would have to die—one of us!"

How well you knew what the dark mood meant!—laudanum and barroom drinks and despair. For there in his fine house—unvisited from year's end to year's end, where there was neither wife nor child—were his own dreadful conditions.

Ghosts were beginning to walk among the lovely things bought with the people's money.

On he would go when the dark mood came, perhaps sending some word as insolent to one of the lady folks, who, too, took no more notice of him than if he were already in his grave.

"Cecilia, my love," came one day, "pray tell your lady mother that she forgot to bow to her old friend this afternoon. It was a great disappointment. A fine woman, Cecilia, love, a fine woman."

What would have happened if his playthings had gone blabbing in those still dangerous times!

Rigid we sat, with only respectful "Yes, suhs," and "No, suhs," with the joy of ambrosia or some other dainty fit for angels, gone, maybe, but holding on to our traditions of decency.

Once, oh, what came!—after another glaring, icily uttered "Davie, man"—a pertinent question: did my little brother know why nobody had ever whipped Colin McCabe, Radical, in the dead of night, as other Radicals had been whipped?—why nobody had killed him?

"Because I can shoot so much better than Democrats," laughed our host in response to Davie's agonized negative. "So much better! my little children," he went on, with another of his impish, throaty chuckles, his heavy eyelids still so far closed that you saw only two narrow threads of blue like the gleams of steel.

And then, before you could say Jack Robinson, there he was on his feet doing it—shooting, shooting at the beautiful figures on the painted ceiling, finding the heart spot always, naming a name always, a single name, with each reverberating bang.

Tom Bramley's.

We wept then, Davie and I.

But it wasn't for the sudden pistol shots, nor yet because Pleasure Bailey rushed in with gray-black face—as if he had expected to find our little bodies upon the floor—and leaped snarling upon his master to tear the weapon away, and call out as if beside himself: "Didn't I done tell you 'bout pistols in de house? Didn't I done tell you?"

The black mammy cook came in, too, to make a few pungent remarks about people who drank things till they went cracked.

But nothing did Colin McCabe notice. Neither our child tears (entirely for Tom Bramley, our loyalest and dearest and most unhappy friend) nor the insolence of his servants.

Down in his chair he crumpled, muttering still with throaty chuckles: "Tom Bramley, Tom Bramley"—muttering something about "crucify, crucify"; sitting there at last as if unconscious, and yet not asleep.

"Go 'long," growled Pleasure Bailey then, beginning to haul brutally at the helpless figure, as if intending to put him to bed, a service one or two of the black-mood days had necessitated before this.

Off we went, my little brother and I, to mourn still for the insult to Mr. Tom Bramley, who had had so much trouble from disfranchisement, and fights on election days, and bad whisky, and poverty and funerals—piteous little funerals—that he seemed to us almost as sacred as one of the Christian martyrs.

Yet we went back again to the fine house. Time after time we went back, doing the same things over and over; examining the marble lady of the garden; staring at the ceiling of the Painted Room—staring with more interest than ever now that two or three bosoms were pierced with bullets; tapping Colin McCabe's tacked shirt, when we

were on his knees, to see if he really wore chain armor underneath, as the big people said; rapping the walls of passageways for the hollow sound of secret chambers, which were also discussed in your presence.

Kisses we still gave him, hugs, fidelity still, getting back on the sober days all the old look of liking for little children, all the ceremony that went with the fine dinners, specially prepared so often for our greedy palates.

Long, long seems the time to me now when the best of that house belonged to us.

Yet into one sphere we never dared roam—the black mammy's kitchen, for she, too, was decidedly averse to the Democratic party. Nevertheless, I know now that she kept an eye on our foolhardy little persons, for injunctions always came from her not to meddle with Pleasure when the master was drunk. Strange were the tales the garrulous cook told us of master and man when she was hot with her own grievances; now one of Pleasure Bailey, now one of Colin McCabe—two folks born in the Place of Torment and bound to go back there some time, unless prayers took the 'witchment off'n their souls.

Did we know how Pleasure Bailey got his lame leg? Well, it was that time he went to some drunk men in the Yankee troops, to tell them of Miss Benie Lane, who had been so pretty then and was living alone in her big house, with her pappy killed in the wars and her mammy dead of heartbreak. Pleasure had meant something bad—devil bad—but the drunk Yankees had stomped on him, and pulled him pretty well limb from limb, not being able to kill him entirely because the Old Boy was on his side.

"An' dem men's down hyar so's he kin vote, de wuthless scorpion!" ended the black mammy, going on to say that the reason she was shooed away from the house at night was so Pleasure could play master, sometimes, and sit at the grand table, with McCabe going round with the waiter and napkin.

"Doan you go tell dis now," she warned us always with her indiscreet grumbings, assuring us then that if we did we were mighty likely to disappear from the face of the earth. Chillen bones had been foun' before berried in the ground—blabby-chillen bones.

How brave they must have been, those two little things, all eyes and ears and hungry mouths and tender hearts, who were Davie and I in the long ago!

With Colin McCabe we were safe—with the black mammy cook pretty safe. But with Pleasure Bailey, whose cruel heart showed in the very shaping of his body . . . who was taking his freedom and the privilege of the ballot so venomously!

Why the fellow had not come to some one of the bad ends meted out to unruly, brutal negroes was a continual wonder to my world, and Davie and I came finally to understand the full significance of the talk,

having seen one end in the pine grove, whither we had strayed, thinking of fairies, at a peep-o'-day hour.

There he swung, the symbol of our fight for life—stark and still; some other brawny-armed, fang-tongued black wretch, who had elbowed white women from the sidewalk, and frightened white children, and slain puppies, and threatened white men with death.

And all between glorious election days, when he was full of the bad whisky poured into him by white Radicals—full of the dear wonderful stories that Pleasure had heard: you were free, you had the vote, and this Southland over which you had sweated, mourning your captivity, was yours.

Poor soul, poor soul!

Oh, all that poor world which was mine in the long ago!—when the black pages of our country's annals—your country and mine—were being writ.

TIME, when it comes to the lapses between happenings, seems to have little meaning for me as I sit here striving only to hold on to the threads important to this story. And so I cannot tell when it was that some of our most ardent patriots began to straighten up, accepting any work they could get in the county or out of it, and leaving a good deal of the tangle of politics to God; though I think it was soon after they had all been in jail for too much midnight roaming in sheets and pillowcases, and when the cordon of Federal troops had been strengthened—the troops that had been in the town since the first bothers with the business of the Fourteenth Amendment. As my mammy always said afterward, there was nothing else for our men to do now but behave and turn to Almighty God.

Tom Bramley, the victim of Colin McCabe's murderous dreams, was one of these purified souls, and it was good to see him now, with the shamle of long-booted legs gone, head lifted, and lean, strong face wholesome and sane.

He was still going to the barroom, but only to play seven-up in the back room and strive to lead other beclouded souls along his own good way—and incidentally, as we heard afterward, to keep an eye on Colin McCabe.

Mr. Tom was as dear to my mother as was his little butterfly of a wife—such a brave butterfly—who had been her schoolmate; and when he came round after Miss Janey and the baby—for there was always a baby until it died—she, too, sat at his feet as did Davie and I, and listened as to authority.

Drunk or sober, Tom Bramley was the most heavenly political orator I have ever heard in my life. With fire and sword eloquence, with salt tears and tender stories of the good old times—with all sorts of lovely foolishness—he kept more black hearts on your side than you could shake a stick at, even if they made but small counting when it came to the returns of the polls.

For, you see, you voted in curiously illogical ways in those days, several times if you were a Radical, black or white, and just once if you were a Democrat—and having plenty of bother besides if you were the important kind; the kind that had to go slowly under Yankee bayonets, and raise hell sometimes, as they tell you still in their verbal chronicles, to get to the precious box at all.

Well, one day there was Mr. Tom Bramley—who was this kind of a voter, of course—riding into our wilderness of a yard on a bay stallion that he had bought since giving up bad whisky.

Rearing and gallus, he flashed up to the piazza, flinging my mother the usual bouquets of compliment as she rushed out to meet him, arms wide.

She was as sweet as blue shoes tied with red ribbon.

"Seen anything of McCabe lately?" he asked suddenly, breaking off in the middle of his gallant doings and looking a little anxiously toward the pine grove, which was darkening in the dusk and sighing with the sharp November wind.

"No. . . . Let me see."

My mother seemed a little mysterious, a little suspicious, as if she did not trust Mr. Tom entirely.

(Continued on page 26)



There at the head of his great table he sat—a table decked as for a banquet, sweet with flowers, gleaming with lighted candles



# BEHIND THE BATTLE FRONT

CONTINUING A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S JOURNEY

BY ARTHUR RUHL

THIS journal of a "flight from a London fog" began, it may be recalled, at Charing Cross on a particularly depressing morning, emerged into sunshine on the cliff walk at Folkstone, and followed a somewhat zigzag course across the Channel to Calais, down to Boulogne, across France to Paris, and thence southward to Bordeaux, where the civil government tactfully removed itself when the Germans came thundering down toward Paris last September.

Bordeaux, Monday.

Bordeaux is a day's railroad ride from Paris—twelve hours away from the German cannon, which even now are only fifty miles north of the boulevards, twelve hours nearer Spain and Africa. And you feel both these things.

All about you is the wine country—the names of towns and villages round about read like a wine card—and as you are lunching in some little side-street restaurant, a table is moved away, a trapdoor opens, and monsieur the proprietor looks on while the big casks of claret are rolled in from the street and lowered to the cellar and the old casks hauled up again. You are close to the wine country and close to the sea—to oysters and crabs and ships—and to the hot sun and more exuberant spirits of the Midi. The pretty black-eyed Bordelaise—there are pretty girls in Bordeaux—often seems closer to Madrid than to Paris—even the Bordelais accent has a touch of the Mediterranean, and the crisp words of Paris are broken up and even an extra vowel added now and then, until they ripple like Spanish or Italian. "*Pe-tite à ma-dame-à!*" rattles some little newsboy, ingratiating himself with an indifferent lady of uncertain age, and the porter will bring your boots in no time—in "*une-à pe-tite-à minute-à.*"

The war is in everybody's mind, of course—no one in France thinks of anything else—but there is none of that silence and tenseness, that emotional tremor one feels in Paris. The Germans will never come here, one feels, no matter what happens, and as you read the communiqués in "*La Petite Gironde*" and "*La Liberté du Sud-Ouest*" the war seems farther away, I feel pretty sure, than it does in front of the newspaper billboards in New York.

In fact, one of the first and abiding impressions of Bordeaux is that it is a great place for things to eat—oysters from Marennes, lobsters and langoustes, pears big as canteloupes, pomegranates, mushrooms—the little ones and the big *cepes* of Bordeaux—yellow dates just up from Tunis. The fruiterers' shops not only make you hungry, but into some of them you may enter and find a quiet little room upstairs, where the proprietor and his wife and daughter, in the genial French fashion, will serve you with a cozy little dinner with wine for three francs, in front of the family grate fire and the privilege of ordering up anything you want from the shop window below.

There are attractive little chocolate and pastry shops and cheerful sempiternal restaurants where whole families, including, in these days, minor politicians with axes to grind, and occasional young women from the boulevards, all dine together in a warm bustle of talk, smoke, the gurgle of claret, and tear off chunks of hard French bread, while madame the proprietress, a handsome, dark-eyed, rather Spanish-looking Bordelaise, sails



DECORATIONS BY HERBERT PAUS

round, subduing the impatient, smiling at those who wish to be smiled at, and ordering her faithful waiters about like a drill sergeant.

And then there is the *Chapon fin*. When you speak to some elderly gentleman with fastidious gastronomical tastes and an acquaintance with southern France of your intention of going to Bordeaux, he murmurs reminiscently: "Ah, yes! . . . There is a restaurant there . . ." He means the *Chapon fin*. It was famous in '70 when the Government came here before, and to-day when the young King of Spain motors over from Biarritz he dines there. Coming down on the train, I read in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" the recollections of a gentleman who was here in '70-1 and is here again now. He was inclined to be sarcastic about the present *Chapon fin*. In his day one had good food and did not pay exorbitantly; now "one needs a quasi-official introduction to penetrate, and the stylish servants guarding the door like impassable dragons ask with a discreet air if monsieur has taken care to warn the management of his intention of taking lunch."

We penetrated without apparent difficulty—possibly owing to the exalted position of the two amiable young attachés who entertained me—and the food was very good. There were diplomats of all sorts to be seen, a meridional head waiter and an interesting restaurant cat. One end of the room is an artificial grotto, and into and out of the canvas rocks this enormous cat kept creeping, thrusting his round face and blazing eyes out of unexpected holes in the manner of the true carnivora, as if he had been trained as an entertainer by the management. The head waiter would have lured an anchorite into temporary abandon. Toward the end of the evening we discussed the probable character of a certain desert, suggesting some doubt of taking it. You might as well have doubted his honor. "*Mais, monsieur!*" he waved his arms. "*C'est délicieux! . . . C'est merveilleux! . . . C'est quelque chose*"—slowly, with thumb and first finger pressed together—"*de r-r-raf-fé-né!*" . . .

It is to this genial provincial city that the President and his Ministers have come. They distributed themselves about town in various public and private buildings: the Senate chose one theatre for its future meeting place, and the Chamber of Deputies another. And from these places, sometimes the most incongruous—one hears, for instance, of M. Delcassé maintaining his dignity in a bedroom now used as the office for the Minister

of Foreign Affairs—the red tape is unwound which eventually sends the lifeblood of the remotest province—men and supplies—flowing up its proper channel to its appointed place at the front.

There must be plenty of real work, for an army like that of France, stretching clear across the country from Switzerland to the Channel, could not live unless it had a smoothly running civil machine in the quiet country behind. Neither of the Chambers is in session, and except that the main streets are busy—one is told that 100,000 extra people are in town—you might almost never know that anything out of the ordinary had occurred. Things must be very different, of course, from what they were in '71, when, beaten to her knees and threatened with revolution, France had to decide between surrendering Alsace and Lorraine and going on with the war.

## England as the Nice Big Brother

THE theatres are closed, but there are moving-picture shows, an occasional concert, and twice a week, under the auspices of one of the newspapers, a conference. I went to one of these, given by a French professor of English literature in the University of Bordeaux, on the timely subject, "Kipling and the Greater England."

You can imagine the piquant interest of the scene—the polite matinee audience, the row of erudite Frenchmen sitting behind the speaker, the table, the shaded lamp, and the professor himself, a slender, dark gentleman with a fine, grave face, pointed black beard, and penetrating eyes—suggesting vaguely a prestidigitateur—trying, by sheer intelligence and delicate, critical skill, to bridge the gaps of race and instinctive thought and feeling, and make his audience understand Kipling.

Said the reporter of one of the Bordeaux papers next day: "Through the Kipling evoked by M. Cestre we loved the English and those who fight, in the great winds of the North Sea, that combat rude and brave. We loved the faithful indigenes, gathering from all her dominions, to put their muscular arms at the service of the Empire. . . ."

It would indeed have been difficult to pay a more graceful compliment to the *entente cordiale* than to try to run the author of "Soldiers Three" and the "Barrack Room Ballads," and with him the nation behind him, into the smooth mold of a conference—that mixture, so curiously French, of clear thinking and graceful expression, of sensitive definition and personal charm, all blended into a whole so intellectually neat and modulated that an audience like this may take it with the same sense of being cheered, yet not inebriated, with which their allies across the Channel take their afternoon tea.

A Frenchman of a generation ago would scarcely have recognized the England pictured by the amiable Bordeaux professor, and I am not sure that in this entirely altruistic big brother of little nations the English would have recognized themselves. But, at any rate, polite flutters of applause punctuated the talk, and at the end M. Cestre asked his audience to rise as he paid his final tribute to the people now fighting the common battle with France. They all stood up and, smiling up at the left-hand proscenium box, saluted the British Ambassador, Sir Francis Bertie, with long and enthusiastic applause. A man in the gallery even ventured a "*Heep! heep!*" and everyone drifted out very content indeed.





In the foyer I saw one lady carefully spelling out with her lorgnette one of the words on the list posted there of the subjects for conferences.

"Ah!" she said, and, considerably reassured apparently, "Keep-ling!" But then she may have come in late.

#### Thursday.

The war has been hard on the main business of the neighborhood, of course—Germany was the heaviest buyer of Bordeaux wine, Russia is next, and not as much as usual, naturally, will go to England and America. The vintage this year, like that of '70, is said to be good, however, and though the young men have gone, and the wine making was not as gay as usual, there were enough old men and women left to do the work. We visited one of the older wine houses yesterday—nearly two centuries old it is—and tramped through the cellars which burrow now on two levels under a whole city block. There are some two million bottles down there in the dark and dust.

There is something patriarchal and princely about such a house, almost unknown in our businesses at home—from the portraits of the founders, from the cask makers, at lunch time, broiling their own fish over a huge fireplace and drawing wine from the common cask as they have done for generations, and the stencils in the shipping room—"Baltimore," "Bogotá," "Buenos Aires"—"Chicago," "Calcutta," "Christiana," "Caracas"—from things like these to the personality and point of view of the men who have the business in charge.

"Now wine," began the charming gentleman who showed us round, "is a living thing. . . ." And though you could see that he had showed many people about in his day and was not unaware of what might interest them—that he was, in short, a glad-hand artist of the most accomplished kind, yet one could also see that he liked his work and believed in it, and grew wine as an amateur grows fancy tulips, and not as a mere salesman.

To be sure, he was inclined to slur over the importance of white wine, while champagne and its perfidious makers didn't interest him in the least; but of the red wine of Bordeaux, its lightness, bouquet, and general beneficence, and the delicate and affectionate care with which it was handled, one could have heard him talk all day. Now and then younger houses discovered things that were going to revolutionize the wine trade.

"Of course," he said, "we examine such things. We look in our books, where records of all our experiments are kept, and there we find that we tried that new thing in 1856—or 1756 perhaps."

Far underground we came on some of the huge majorums, big as nine ordinary bottles. "The King of Spain ran over to Bordeaux one day, and came to us and said: 'I've got two hours, what can you show me?' We said: 'We can show you our cellars.' 'Very well,' said he, 'go ahead.' When he came to the majorums he said: 'What on earth do you do with those?' 'They are used when there is a christening or a wedding or some great event, and when a king visits us we give him two.'"

So they sent the majorums to the young King, and the King sent back a polite note, just as if he were anybody else, and that is all of that story.

#### The Lion of Nantes

MOST of the newspapers which followed the Government to Bordeaux have returned to the capital, but that intransigent government baiter, the venerable Georges Clemenceau, still continues his vivacious bombardment from close range. His paper was formerly *L'Homme Libre*—"The Freeman"—but on being suppressed for a few days this fall by the censor, its octogenarian editor gayly changed its name to "The Chained Man"—*L'Homme Enchaîné*—and continued fire.

The mayor of a Paris commune in '71, Prime Minister from 1906-9, the editor of various papers, and Senator now, Clemenceau is properly feared, and he



was offered, it is said, a place in the present Government, but would accept no post but the highest. He preferred his rôle of political realist and critical privateer, a sort of Mr. Shaw of French politics, hitting a head wherever he sees one.

The imperfections of the French army sanitary service, the censorship, and the demoralization of the postal service since the war have been favorite targets recently. There has been much complaint of the difficulty of getting news from men at the front. Mr. Viviani, the Premier, in an address at Rheims, ventured to say that it was his duty to "organize, administrate, and intensify the national defense." On this innocent phrase the piercing eye of Mr. Clemenceau fell the other day, and he now flings off the characteristic three-and-a-half-column front-page salvo, so adroitly combining the Premier's remark with the actual, pitiful facts that the reader almost feels that "intensifying" the suffering of parents and friends of men fighting for their country is something in which the present Government takes a ghoulish delight.

I wish there was space to quote the editorial. I may, at any rate, quote from one or two of the letters written to Mr. Clemenceau, to suggest a stay-at-home aspect of the war of which we do not hear much. This is from the mayor of Pont-en-Royans:

"Officially," he writes, "on September 20, I was asked to notify the family of the soldier Regnier of his death. In the midst of their cries and tears, the family showed me the last letter, received that very morning, and dated the 27th September, two days before. Now the notice of his death was dated September 7th, and I said to the father:

"I would not give you too much hope; your son probably died the 27th, suddenly, perhaps, and the secretary charged with writing the letter I have received forgot a figure, instead of 27 he put 7. Meanwhile, as a doubt exists, I will do what I can to clear the matter up."

"The Administrative Counsel replied to me: 'There has been no error. The notice of decease is dated September 27th. If then the soldier wrote the 27th, it is that he is not dead. We shall inform the Ministry, and you, on your side, should write to the hospital where he is being treated.'

"I wrote to the chief doctor at Besançon. No response. I sent him a telegram with the reply prepaid. No response. I wrote him a third letter, this time a trifle sarcastic. I received finally a dispatch: 'Regnier is not known at this hospital.'

"I still had the telegram in my hand when to my house came the sister of the dead soldier, in mourning, and beaming, and gave me a letter. 'It is my brother who has written us.' So there was no mistake. The dead man wrote on the 2d October.

"Very well," said I to the family. 'Are you sufficiently reassured now?'

"Some days after I received from the Red Cross Hospital at Besançon a letter giving me news of Regnier

and explaining that there were several hospitals in the town, that they had only just received my letter, etc., etc.

"I did not think more of the matter until October 23, when I received a circular from the Prefecture of Isère, asking me to advise the Regnier family that the soldier Regnier, wounded, was being treated at the hospital of Besançon.

"At last I thought the affair was closed, when, today, October 30th, I received the inclosed dispatch, sent by I know not whom, informing me that the soldier Regnier is unknown in the hospital of Besançon!"

"Oh, my head, my head! . . ."

#### This Is Not an Interview

YOU can imagine what this slashing old privateer would do with a letter like this. The censor will not permit him to make any comment. Very well—he wishes to make none. "You see, Mr. Viviani, it isn't one of those execrable Parliamentarians who makes these complaints. It is a mayor, a humble mayor, officially designated by you to transmit to his people the striking results of your 'organization,' of your 'administration,' of your 'intensification,' in the cruelly delicate matter of giving news to families. He supplies the picture and you see in plain daylight your 'intensification' at work. What do you think of it? What can you say about it? Do you believe that because you have given to your censor the right—pardon me, the power—to make white spaces in the columns of newspapers, that that is going to suppress the fact? Do you believe," etc., etc.

In the same editorial was a letter from a father whose two sons, in the firing line, had received none of the family letters since the beginning of the war, and wrote pathetically asking if their parents and little sister were ill, or how had they offended. A wife inclosed a letter from her husband, telling how he was suffering from the cold, because of insufficient clothing; a doctor wrote protesting because there was not a single bottle of antitetanic serum in his field hospital.

We found Mr. Clemenceau in his lodgings late one afternoon—a leonine old gentleman bundled up in cap and overcoat before a little grate fire, while a secretary ran through the big heap of letters piled on the bed. In the corner of the room was a roll-top desk—the sanctum, evidently, of "The Chained Man."

As Mr. Clemenceau was insistent that he should not be interviewed, I may not repeat the exceedingly lively talk on all sorts of people and things with which he regaled us once—and it didn't take long—he "got going."

One purely personal little bit of information may be passed on, however, in the hope that it may be as interesting to other practitioners of a rather laborious trade as it was to me.

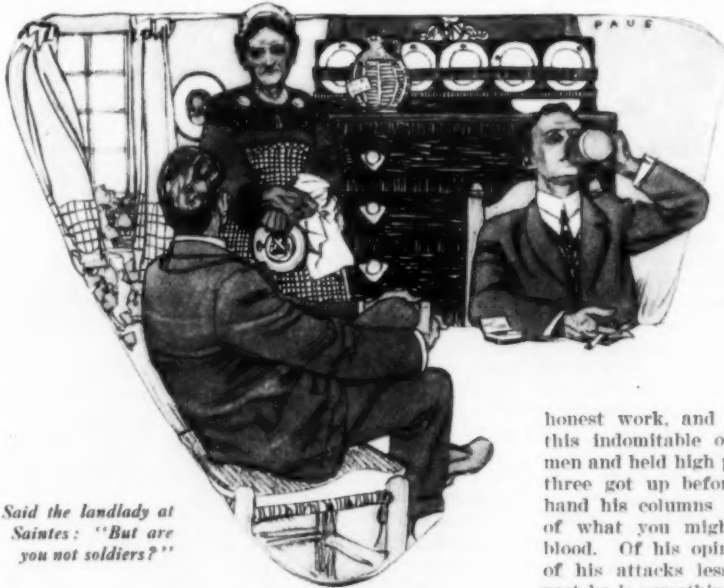
We were talking of the facility with which he reeled off day after day columns of flexible, lively, and finished prose, and I asked whether he wrote in long hand, dictated, or used a typewriter.

This question seemed to amuse and interest the old war horse greatly. He went to his desk and brought back a sheet of paper, half of which was covered with a small, firm handwriting. It was his next day's broadside not yet finished.

"There is nothing mysterious about it," he said. "I get up at half past three every morning. I am at that desk most of the day; I go to bed at nine o'clock. If I had to write a banal note, it might take time, but there are certain ideas which I have worked with all my life. I worked a good many years without expressing them; they are all in my head, and when I want them I've only got to take them out. I am eighty-three years old, and if I couldn't express myself by this time"—the old gentleman lifted his eyebrows, smiled whimsically, and with a quick movement of shoulders and hands, unmistakably French, concluded—"it would be a public calamity—a malheur public!"

I thought of the padded lives of some of our literary charlatans and editorial gold bricks at home, of the clever young artists ruined as painters by becoming popular illustrators, the young writers content to substitute overpaid banality and bathos for honest work, and I must confess that the sight of this indomitable old fighter, who had known great men and held high place in his day, and now at eighty-three got up before daylight to pound out in long hand his columns of vivid prose, stirred every drop of what you might call one's intellectual sporting blood. Of his opinions I know little, of the justice of his attacks less, and, to be quite frank, I suspect he is something of

(Continued on page 24)



Said the landlady at Saintes: "But are you not soldiers?"



# HIS HEART IN HIS FEET



THOSE who knew Tom Galloway well declared he had not been given his Napoleonic chin for nothing. When he said he was going to try—he tried. When he thought it best to work—he worked. When he took days or weeks off for play—he played. When he set out to win—he won. This had been his record up to the middle part of his senior year at Harvard, when he had a certain conversation with Hugh Pevvin, the asphalt millionaire. They had been walking and had paused under the trees, midway in the campus. It was a day of early autumn and the leaves were dropping like a rain of topazes, grown feather light.

"Now have I made myself clear to you, young fellow?" asked the great Pevvin. "I have allowed you to spend your summer hanging around and making love to my daughter—thereby making a driving ass of yourself—"

"I differ from you there, sir," said Tom. "No one asked what you thought," he retorted. "You wait. It's my turn. You wasted your whole summer. I know it. I watched you." Mr. Pevvin went on with a husky, heavy humor. "I knew what you were after, and I just let you go to the end of your rope. I've taken the trouble to come to Boston to-day to tell you the news of my daughter's engagement at first hand."

"Althea would be first hand to me, sir—but I mean this in no disrespect—"

"Oh, cut it out!—all this mealy-mouthed docility, while I can see that you're as determined to keep on trying to accomplish what you set out to do as a butcher is determined to saw off chops with a newly sharpened saw!" snorted Mr. Pevvin.

Tom was still calm. He even smiled. But the famous jaw, cleft by its lovely dimple, was inflexibly set.

They made a startling picture under the dry-leaved, whistling elms—Tom, twenty-three, lean, straight-shouldered, a liteness like an Indian's in his quivering frame, something of the Indian's intensity and spareness in his slightly sunken cheeks, and in the steady blue blaze of his eyes under their half-lowered, watchful lids; and Mr. Pevvin as portly as a drawing by Cruikshank, with purple-veined jowls that drooped, and black eyes that had become currantlike and pig-like under the fat of sagging lids; the boy's attire and bearing showing an immaculate cleanliness hand in hand with a betraying shabbiness; the millionaire's showing opulence with the coarse negligence of habit marked by a tobacco stain at the lips, grayness at the nails, and the ghost of a gravy drip from his recent lunch upon his coat lapel.

MR. PEVVIN prepared to depart. "Now you are to take warning, or I'll have you taken by the scruff of the neck—"

Tom's smile deepened. "Ah, but you mustn't be so ambitious! You know that's what *did* for Caesar!"

"Taken by the scruff of the neck—and kicked!"

Tom only shrugged.

"You don't even think it worth your while to make up to me," said Pevvin in angry wonder. "You're so conceited—so sure of yourself, you young whippersnapper—you whittling of a lead pencil—that you think you can stand there and insult me with impunity!"

And then even he—even the great money tyrant, Pevvin—felt the *something* implacable and compelling in Tom's gaze, now suddenly black and wide open. It seemed to take hold of him like a fork. And with the gaze went a silence that Pevvin was furious at finding himself respecting.

"Mr. Pevvin," Tom said in a straight, clear way, "I've been trying to make myself known to you ever since, having found my love letters to Althea, you have tried to insult me, and with that intention have at last paid me this visit. You've done nothing but excite yourself to-day, with this result—that you don't know a thing about me—about my intentions—what I value or don't value. A few words will set you right. Kindly listen and you'll save yourself some time."

Tom stood in the center of the path and placed his hands on his hips.

"You have no respect for me because I have no

BY KATE JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

money. I have no respect for *money*. That is—to be quite exact—I only respect the portion of it that is required for the equipment of a most simple and reasonable life. I haven't even that much—not at present—so my love affair with Althea has always been on a shifting foundation—a problematical, only barely possible happiness for us. I say *us*—for no matter what you tell me of Althea being engaged to the Scotchman who could help your street-paving process in the United Kingdom, I know she loves me."

"Huh!" Pevvin sneered. "You'll never get her."

"I mean to try. I tell you this honestly. When I've money enough to pay our board and buy our clothes, I'm going to 'rush' Althea into marriage, if I can. I know that she already has a home for us—that English cottage in Surrey with a poppy garden—convenient to London—that was left her by her mother—"

"Oh, you know *that*—do you?"

"How could I help it? Althea told me. It's hers."

"I see. And you'd be willing to live on her. Of course you would. I knew that the moment I set eyes on you."

Tom breathed gently, but his words had the raking quality of a saw: "You know that's a lie. You say it to make me angry. I don't get angry! I ignore it. I'll even take the trouble to lay before you again the few facts that you have refused to consider important: I'm qualifying here to be a dramatist. Already I've had four one-act plays done. Big plays of mine will later on get a hearing in London—smile, if you like!—and they'll make me rich. I don't want a penny of your money. That's my side. Now take Althea's. She's a girl of the very last minute. Soft and scenty and unobtrusive as a tight moss rosebud—"

"Say! I've got to get a train!" sneered Pevvin. "I can do without this slush."

"The slush leads to our future double-entry household bookkeeping," Tom chid gently, "so I advise you to give ear. As I was saying, though Althea looks a flower, she's got an electric battery in her mind and soul. She believes that women *mean* something in the scheme of life, that they have a new part to play in the marriage game as well as in politics. She has no use for the parasite wife, and says that since she *can* help along the home, to do so is her logical privilege. As she's right in everything else, she's no doubt right in that. So," Tom concluded, "she'll be able to give the house. I will furnish the toast and tea, the *blanc mange*, etc., etc. I'll also furnish as well as I can her darling frocks, my own clothes, a general servant, and after a while—I hope"—he said with a touch of Paradise in the smile—"a nurse for the children."

Mr. Pevvin could hold in no longer. "You make me sick," said he concisely. "I was told you had the brass of a gun factory. Now I know it."

"Well," said Tom, "with the brass of a gun factory, plus the love of a Romeo, the obstinacy of a Cromwell, and the luck of a Teddy Roosevelt—what do you get? You get a man standing flat on his soles with a club in his fists as he goes after the woman he wants, just as our cave-men progenitors went after theirs. Let me get the tidy little stack of money I need—and I get Althea!"

Pevvin shook his umbrella toward the waving boughs. "I'll watch out for you, young man!"

"You'd better," said Tom in a small, straight whisper.

"I'll see you and your cheek at the servants' table yet!"

"Nothing doing!" and Tom's laugh followed him as he rushed off.

Tom had carried the day. He had not lost his temper for a second. But he had watched the great Hugh Pevvin lose his, and storm like something that was a mixture of ill-bred child and ill-natured terrier. Still

the interview left its marks on him. He was a sunny-natured lad. He wanted all the world to like him and to approve of his love for the most wonderful girl on earth—and in this all-embracing desire he generously included the man he meant to make his father-in-law.

He was thoughtful when he looked at his watch and then made his way to a small shop in Cambridge where he could command a telephone booth. Here he called up New York, and the following conversation took place:

"This is Boston—wants to speak to Miss Pevvin. Oh, it's you—yourself—hanging round as you said! Well—darling baby, how are you?"

"Worried—oh, dreadfully," said darling baby.

"Don't be; I want you to be so happy you'll have to fight yourself to keep from doing the grapevine on Fifth Avenue. Oh, yes, I saw him—not only saw but heard. He wasn't complimentary. Said you were branded for the Scotchman's stockyard as sure as fate. How is Mr. James McGee, by the way?"

"I hate him—I never saw such yellow teeth—and I've found out he's fifty-three."

"All to the good," Tom laughed. "I only called you up to say that if you keep right on being sweet but as set as Gibraltar—and I keep on at my work, in six months we can chance that Surrey cottage."

"And how is the work going, darling? And you're not overdoing it?"

"Working every minute night and day, except when I'm fast asleep. The money's simply pouring in. The figures in my bank book begin to look like Jacob's ladder." He laughed into the transmitter. "I must be economical and not stay over the time limit—but I must ask you something—Isn't it bully to be in love?"

"Oh, Tom—why can't I see you and kiss you as I say, 'Yes, yes, yes!'"

"It's a good thing I can't hire a booth that could manage that, or they'd find me dead here at dawn, asphyxiated! Good-by, darling baby. Love me. Be sweet. Be firm. Just remember that not only my head's working for you—my heart, too—and it's in my feet."

HERE followed some mysterious sibilant sounds from Tom. He waited and received back from New York:

"I'd die for you! Oh, *ch—ch—ch!* All on your lips! And *ch!* a little soft one on that dear dimple. Good-by."

Was it any wonder he felt strong to work? He asked himself this as he went back to his rooms and "cramped" for three hours. When his books were thrown aside he hurried into his best afternoon clothes and rushed to Mrs. Facey's tea. They would dance there for two hours—and Tom was the best dancer in his class.

In fact, his dancing was really inspirational. It was wonderful what he could do with those long, suave legs of his, those slender flexible feet. He was



He danced with society matrons; with debutantes. No one could object to Tom's dancing—it was spiritual



grace in every slanting turn. His lightness, unhurried ease, a velvet, floating quality to every movement had for some months past singled him out as a dancer who, among people that were dancing mad, was like a lark cutting the remotest blue, while watched by nestling furies of sparrows who could not get so far from earth. Other men of his class began to wonder if the women were going to spoil Tom. He was in such demand! He danced with society matrons; with débutantes; he even whirled around heavy business men, laughingly but thoroughly. He knew everything. The grapevine and trot soon became old-fashioned to him. It was he who introduced the fish walk, the lame duck, and not only the one-step, but twenty different variations of it. One afternoon at Mrs. Jones-Bentley's he startled them with the Ostend; that very night at one of the biggest dances of the season he was showing them not only the hesitation, but a mixture that he called the "Galloway blend," which was a combination of the waltz with its languorous tiptoe pause breaking suddenly into the backward dip of the Boston, so that the girl, after seeming to spread wings, suddenly swerved backward like a bird tired of flying.

Even people who, on principle, disapproved of dancing, and who in spite of the new fashion held aloof, said that Tom's interpretation was "beautiful." No one could object to it—it was spiritual—it had an innocent, Grecian grace that made one think of Syracusan shepherds fluttering to their own lute notes over sea-fringed fields when earth was young.

It was a mystery how he found time to study, for he was at teas and dinners almost every day, at dances every other night—and there were nights when he did not come home till daylight showed. Yet though he bore traces of wear, and though once he had fallen fast asleep at a lecture at eleven in the morning, his papers were quite conspicuously good. The life he led at this time would have been impossible to so many—to plump men with hearts weakened by cigarettes and brains muddled by daily drinks; to men whose torpid livers demanded much sleep; to nervous men; to men who found study difficult and dancing an accomplishment hard of attainment.

BUT Tom was, as it happened, fitted by nature to "make good" in the way that the taste of the period had suddenly opened before him. Every organ of his body was in perfect condition. He was complete master of all indulgences. This strength was proclaimed in his Napoleonic chin. More than this, his Indianlike frame seemed constructed of tightly drawn catgut; his endurance was almost without limit; he could fall asleep wherever or whenever he willed it, if only for five minutes, and those minutes would for another stretch completely refresh the splendid young mechanism he called his body.

Months after his talk with Hugh Pevvin he was called up by New York. His reply was given with fierce exultation, though his young, lean face was as tired as a face could possibly be:

"At it head and heart and hoofs, love! Hoofs pay now! By and by the head and heart will have their turn! Oh, that Surrey cottage and its poppy garden! How I shall dream there, your arms around me, and never—never dance again!"

While Tom was pursuing his way on these feet so light they seemed winged, Hugh Pevvin was keeping himself informed of his life. He knew all about Tom's dancing, and he placed the facts about it before Althea, expecting to sicken her. To his stupefaction and then his rage she kept up a sweetly amiable smile that he could not get beyond. It was like an impassable rampart.

"Why, dad, you dance yourself!"

"You mean those few turns I took with Day's fresh-Aleck daughter the other night? Why, that idiot girl dragged me out—"

"I thought you just leaped out!" Althea murmured. "And you didn't do the lame duck badly. It was only in the fish walk you looked so funny, dear!"

"Now that will do!" said Hugh Pevvin. "This is evading the subject, and this criticism of me is impudence."

"Impudent to be exact?" Althea implored as if thirsting for information. "You told me, dear, always to speak the truth!"

"Oh, keep still!" Mr. Pevvin was both cross and weary. "You're as gabby as that lean-jawed, shiny-sleeved beggar who has turned you into a lovesick fool! Now you listen to me!"

Althea listened, her eyes like a wounded doe's, her air shrinking.

"The fact that this fellow is dancing his old boots off doesn't seem to jolt you into common sense. But I know something that will. You're going to Boston with me on the one o'clock train."

"To Boston?" Althea looked sick. "Oh, must I?" "Get ready," said her heartless inflexible father,

restaurant that had come into sudden fame as a fashionable rendezvous, was doing an excellent business. As it was a restaurant, of course there were some people at the tables with food before them. But they were as nothing to the numbers whirling and swaying within the flower-roped space in the center.

Moreover, all those at the tables were not visibly eating, while they were very visibly watching the pulsing crowd.

Among those recently come were Althea and her father. Their table was on a balcony and commanded a view of the dancing circle. Althea was in white and so pale that her dark eyes, maze of brown hair, deeply crimson lips, and the big emeralds quivering under her chin stood out like so many stains on snow.

The music was the sort that has quickened the feet of the whole world. Its rhythm was conquering. Even the saddest, coldest hearts revived to its youthful call.

Althea was listening, a dream and exaltation in her eyes. Old Hugh Pevvin was listening with teeth set, his toes crooked in his boots to keep them from moving in time.

It was close to eleven when he started up triumphantly and nudged Althea.

"Here he is! Now you watch the man you think you're going to marry."

ALTHEA, by his side at the balcony's rail, saw Tom enter. He was worn but smiling. His old but well-cared-for evening clothes fairly hung upon his thinness. His manner was businesslike; he greeted the people who surrounded him as if he were the proprietor, and as if he knew them all by their first names. The maxixe started to its Spanish tune like the click of a postillion's whip, and he led off with a stately jeweled matron of about forty-eight.

"Watch him," muttered Pevvin. "You'll see him dance with six before this is over." Then he added triumphantly: "Why does he do this? Why does he come here nearly every night—dance with every one of these society women in turn? Why does he do it?" he insisted fiercely. "I'll tell you—"

"You needn't, dad." As Althea spoke, the Lydia Languish pose was conspicuous by its absence. She was looking straight into his eyes. Her gaze seemed to plunge like a needle into his heart. "Why shouldn't he dance with every one? He gets fifty dollars a night for it!"

It was a full moment before sound came from Hugh Pevvin.

"Then—you—knew?"

"Of course I knew. Why, I've been making a little private board that way myself in New York!"

Pevvin had gained a seat. "No—oh, no! You?" he stuttered. "You've disgraced me!"

"No, dad. Making money by some new fluke is considered very smart nowadays. The more fashionable you are, the more things you can do. I know of half a dozen girls in my set who have made a lot by dancing. While enjoying ourselves we were secretly raking in the coin. That ought to commend itself to your business point of view!"

"Just what are you talking about?" Pevvin demanded, his eyes with a wild, groping look.

"At all the dances I've gone to I've had private pupils. Why, Peter Brock didn't know a step till I took hold of him. Each one has had me as a teacher, confidentially. Each one has imagined he's my only pupil." She passed her father a glass of water and waited until he had drained it.

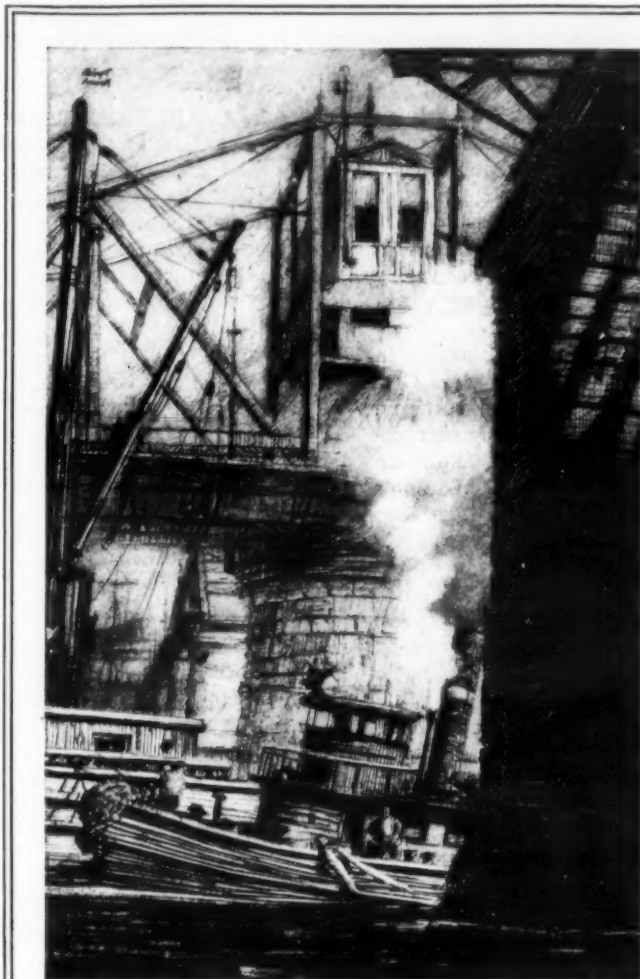
"I see! This fellow has contaminated your views," he gasped after a moment.

"How old-fashioned you are," Althea rebuked him. "Now look here, dad, I want to talk sense to you. You can't make me marry Mr. McGee. I'd poison him first. Those days are gone, dear! Of course I wouldn't be unfair enough to you to want to marry some chap who was only attractive, if you could show me that he was

dishonest, or a liar, or a sponge, or a drunkard. But Tom is none of these! On the contrary, he is so really fine, such a thoroughly straight and good and even spiritual fellow that I sometimes wonder if I haven't drawn a sort of immortal. At least," she said, dimpling, "I would think this, if the dear didn't have such a wonderful sense of humor and wasn't such a real pal! So what's your objection?" she demanded. "Just this. He had no money. Well, he's made it and so have I—in the new wonderful way that's about the only one in which, as yet, the supply does not equal the demand!"

"I'll never get over this!" muttered Pevvin, pitifully.

(Concluded on page 21)



## The Draw Tender

By H. J. HALL

Decoration by Robert Amick

**TWO things I do:**  
*I let the river craft go safely through  
Then lock the bridge back in a pathway true—  
These things I do.*

*I let them by,  
Their whistles shrieking to the peaceful sky,  
The trains that make old timbers creak and cry—  
I let them by.*

*These things I know—  
The look of shipping as it passes slow,  
The tugs and schooners as they come and go—  
These things I know.*

*I know the tide,  
I see its changing currents wash and glide  
All day along the weedy old pier side—  
I know the tide.*

*I am content—  
For such plain work my life was surely meant.  
Let others follow each his chosen bent—  
I am content.*

Obediently, with a lifeless, cringing Lydia Languish glide, Althea faded from his side. But upstairs in her room she fell on her French maid.

"Gervaise!" she squealed, hugging the girl. "Get my small trunk ready! I'm going to Boston where he is—and I'm crazy!"

"Ah—so?" asked Gervaise sympathetically. "That sort of crazy is nice! Ah, it is life—and without it is no life!"

For this congenial sentiment Gervaise received as a gift the squashy, velvet turban of mademoiselle's that she had so admired, and which was not really more than a month old.

At about ten o'clock on this same night a Boston



### What Our Neutrality Means

SENATOR GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK of Nebraska, Senator JOHN D. WORKS of California, Representative BARTHOLOLT of Missouri, and some others have introduced resolutions in Congress intended to forbid the export of munitions of war to belligerent nations. "Belligerent nations" means England and her allies, for, as things stand now, England's mastery of the sea prevents shipments to Germany. The gentlemen promoting these resolutions can word them as artfully as they choose. The intent of them is to give an advantage to Germany. They are not, as their sponsors protest, efforts in the interests of neutrality. They are the exact opposite: efforts in the interests of one of the belligerents, namely, Germany. Were Germany not now blockaded, she, too, would be receiving shipments from America just as the Allies are. Neutrality consists in playing no favorites. To stop shipments to the Allies would be favoritism. Now, we do not propose to violate our neutrality to please Germany. We don't know what Senator HITCHCOCK's motive may be. Possibly he reasons that introducing a resolution doesn't mean very much, and that his action is only a proper deference to the wishes of a portion of his constituents. Senator WORKS is a man who occasionally airs some very bizarre ideas; his part of the movement is probably an expression of a harmless but crazy pacificism. Representative BARTHOLOLT doubtless thinks he is voicing the wishes of his constituents, who compose the Anheuser-Busch district of St. Louis. His record is already so bad that this activity cannot harm it much. We hope that German-Americans generally will frown on this effort to make the United States, by indirection, help one of the belligerents. The American people feel powerfully about this war. They believe that right and justice are on the side of Belgium and her allies. Considering that their feeling is extremely strong, they have been very thoughtful of their German-American friends and neighbors. For the American feeling of affection for Germans is as strong as the American feeling of disapproval for what the German nation is now doing. But if Ambassador BERNSTORFF and the others who are manipulating a pro-German propaganda in this country want to start something, they will succeed with comparatively little trouble. It will be easy to push the pro-German meddling of these propagandists, paid and busybody, to a point where the American public opinion would flame into action such as would make the Germans very sorry indeed.

### Donner und Tirpitz!

GERMAN ADMIRAL has done some dangerous talking. The head of the Kaiser's navy—yes, Grand Admiral von TIRPITZ himself—means to "starve England out." "We can bottle her up," he tells an American newspaper man, "and torpedo every English or Allies' ship which nears any harbor in Great Britain, thereby cutting off large food supplies." All this by means of submarines. Now, this is stealing Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE's stuff. It looks to us as if Grand Admiral von TIRPITZ were preparing himself for a literary career to while away the long evenings of those days of peace following the great war; and he has begun by springing a sample thriller in interview form. The story is a good one, Admiral, but COLLIER'S for August 22 and 29, 1914, found a great many readers, and CONAN DOYLE's story, named "Danger," was read by some four million persons. Aren't you afraid of a lawsuit for plagiarism under the International Copyright Law?

### The Middle Ground

SEEK THE TRUTH BETWEEN TWO EXTREMES. Congressman GARDNER is quite right. We ought to find out just how we stand with regard to our army and navy. But President WILSON is also quite right. We ought not to permit ourselves to be worked up into a panic, nor ought we to do anything in hysteria which we wouldn't do after leisure consideration. The extreme pacifists think this nation is never going to be involved in any other war, and that the way to prevent war is to be unprepared for it. That anybody can take this ground in the face of what is now going on in Europe is preposterous. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatever that too much preparation for war tends to bring war. The real trouble would be solved if we could find some way of being adequately prepared for war without letting anybody make money out of the preparation. We do not want to saddle ourselves with a Krupp. When a nation reaches the point where it will be profitable to a sufficient number of individuals to stir up war, war is likely to be stirred up. If we go at it patiently and thoroughly, we ought to be able to work this problem out.

### Immigration

IT IS FAIRLY CERTAIN that when the present war is over a huge immigration to the United States will set in. Men who have been detached from their permanent occupations and homes will not have the disposition to go back to them, and in many cases neither the homes nor the occupations will be in existence. We shall be flooded with a horde of men who are willing to work for a song. Anyone who regards himself as one of the responsible statesmen of the United States ought to look forward to this and do something about it. Immigration is a complex question, and there is a good deal to say on many sides of it. The phrase used by the high-tariff adherents, "protection to American labor," has always stimulated the sardonic quality of our humor. Protection for American steel means keeping out foreign steel; protection for American cotton goods means keeping out foreign goods; but protection for American labor has not in the past been keeping out foreign labor, not by a great deal.

### To Governor Whitman

IF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, CHARLES S. WHITMAN, has not already of his own initiative begun to look forward to the Presidency, the newspapers are doing what they can to plant the thought in his mind. There may be something in it—time will tell; but the best possible move that Mr. WHITMAN can make toward the White House is to forget about it. The best thing his political enemies can do to keep him from the White House will be to cause him to be obsessed by the idea. To become enmeshed in the wirepulling, the placatings and compromises, the pussy-footed deference to temporary popular emotions or to powerful bosses, which compose an attempt to get the Republican nomination, would destroy any man's chances.

### The Frank Case

MOST OF THE NEWSPAPERS have agreed with our conclusions about the Frank case. A few have differed. With parts of some of the criticisms we are inclined to agree ourselves. For example, the "News" of Chattanooga, Tenn., says:

The way to prove that the mob spirit deprived FRANK of a fair trial is not to attempt to incite a mob spirit against the courts of Georgia. The courts and law officers of Georgia have attempted to do nothing but their duty in this case. They were not intentionally unfair to FRANK. The unfairness was on the part of the prejudiced crowds.

This is quite true. A good many newspapers have written about this case, complacently, as if it were something local and indigenous to Georgia. This is, of course, not true. The next case of the kind is just as likely to occur in Michigan or New York or California. We make one exception, however, to the "News's" exoneration of the courts and law officers of Georgia from the charge of unfairness. The one exception is Solicitor General DORSEY, who prosecuted FRANK. His charge to the jury was venomously partisan. Acute intelligence was used to make trivial incidents of the crime count against FRANK strongly. The Ruef case, the Rosenthal murder, and other famous crimes in which Jews played a part were dragged in without justification. We wish all the lawyers in the United States would read DORSEY's speech to the jury and let us know what they think of it. Maybe the things DORSEY did are all right for a lawyer to do. We don't know the legal ethics on this point. It strikes us as dastardly.

### "A Mob of One"

THE COLUMBIA (S. C.) "STATE" has been one of the soundest papers in the United States during the six or seven years since it last disagreed with us. But now it's off again. It says that, with respect to the Frank case,

COLLIER'S is evidently trying to step in at the eleventh hour as a lusty mob of one. More than one, brother. Justice HOLMES of the Supreme Court of the United States is with us. And take it from us, as Kaiser BILL would put it, us and Justice HOLMES are considerable mob.

### The Whole Story

FOR A COMPLETE STATEMENT of cause and effect, you cannot beat this headline in the New York "World's" account of one of these modern road-house and roadside killings:

**\$94 DRUNK UP BY  
AUTO PARTY BEFORE  
GIRL WAS KILLED**

Booze and machinery will not mix, never have mixed, and it is no use trying to make them mix. Ask any coroner.





## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

### Our Own Walt Masonry

**SAID FARMER HICKS:** "You want to know just what my feelings are for this new-fangled thingumbob that's called a motor car? Well, friend, I'm glad to tell yer: I may be out of style, but, anyhow, there's just one thing that always gets my bile a-bubblin' like thunder, and that's the way folks talk, from down in San Antonio clear over to New York, about their pesky autos, and all such stuff as that—how much they cost, how well they run—why, I can tell you flat, I wouldn't give an old straw lid or pair of cast-off boots for one o' them contraptions, smelly, gasoline galoots." Hicks made these wise remarks of his about a year ago, but when I met him yesterday he hollered out: "Hello, old friend, come here a minute. I want to have you see the auto I've been running. There ain't but two or three in all this State or county that have the consarned crust to try their speed with me. No, sir! They have to take my dust. There ain't a niftier little car in all this town than mine; she does just what I want her to, the same in rain or shine. She's slick as any whistle; she's steady and she's strong. Those folks who still knock autos are in all-fired wrong. I've saved more time, I've made more cash, I've had more fun by far, than in my fifty years of life before I owned this car. If any mossbacks doubt my word, they'd better stow their kicks, go buy a car and learn the truth—as sure as my name's Hicks!"

### And Why Not?

**AT A RECENT MEETING** of professional Irishgermaniacs in New York City Dr. KUNO MEYER, of the University of Berlin, roused enthusiasm by remarking: "I could not live or breathe an atmosphere so close and dense as that which appears to prevail at Harvard." We know quite a few Harvard alumni who would cheerfully contribute something toward the expense of injecting this lovely thought into the psychological midst of Dr. HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, now occupying a chair at that institution.

### Dropping the Weights

**REVENUES OF THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT** are showing a permanent upward trend due, as the Minister of Finance thinks, "to the creative power of a sober Russian people." He regrets the loss of the vodka revenue, but has to acknowledge that his country is going stronger without it. On the day this was published a French medical correspondent reported from the military hospitals "striking proof of the value of the almost complete abstention from alcohol enforced on the soldiers." That is what happens from cutting out the booze; you work better when well and you recover more quickly when hurt. It pays to drop these weights, and the war proves it.

### The Great Divide

**TO DEFINE** in specific terms the difference between good poetry and bad has always proved baffling. The best that can be done is to compare that which is beyond doubt gold with that which is merely tinsel. Opportunity for actual parallel-column comparison is rare, but it sometimes occurs. At this season it is good to recall EMERSON's lines:

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,  
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
And marching single in an endless file,  
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.  
To each they offer gifts after his will,  
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.  
I, in my pleaded garden, watched the pomp,  
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day  
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

One would be rash to dispute the quality of this. But the other day, glancing over a collection of songs, we came upon the following effusion, signed M. A. L. LANE and entitled "The Day's Gift":

In solemn file the days go by;      They offer to the earnest soul  
Each bears a golden token;      The chance of high endeavor,  
We grasp some trifle as they pass,      Rare moments which with good are fraught,  
And grieve when it is broken.      And then are gone forever.

With muffled step and shrouded form  
Beyond our ken they take their way;  
They give no sign, betray no scorn,  
Whatever price our lives must pay.

We have no intention of discussing M. A. L. LANE and the delicate question of plagiarism. It would not be difficult, but the task is unpalatable. The reader may draw his own conclusions as to the parallel. We merely call attention to a great thought expressed in a great way and the same thought in an insipid and banal form.

### The Connecting Link

**THAT BACK-TO-THE-LAND IDEA** is going to become a reality if certain energetic people have their way. A number of highly qualified men and women are organizing the National Forward-to-the-Land League to bring together the man, the money, and the land. All the detailed information now on file in the Federal Departments of Labor and Agriculture is to be made directly available by means of a clearing house for such data in New York City. The league's purposes are: *To give the man without a cent a chance to earn the first payments on his farm; to give the man who has no knowledge of farming a scientific training; to help men to help themselves.* This work of hitching up is just what has been needed, and we believe the league will be a real factor in building up the United States.

### Hope

**THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT** of the reconciliation of two rival theatrical managers informs us that they plan to "present a number of stars, probably six, in the dramatization of a play." Good. A hopeful sign this. There will be a chance for the modern drama if some of the plays produced can first be dramatized. Let the good work go forward on the stage. And, after that, why not novelize some long fiction? Or even journalize some newspapers?

### A War on Wheels

**AIR CRAFT** plays a smaller rôle in this war than a reader of H. G. WELLS might have expected. Automobiles—if one includes tractors and motorcycles—have counted for much more. Mr. GELETT BURGESS's account of the French auto-hospitals, printed in this week's automobile supplement, is full of facts nowhere else available, and Mr. ROLLIN W. HUTCHINSON, in another of this week's articles, tells of the wonderful system by which France has for years kept tabs on her motor resources, subsidized the owners of motor trucks, and in ten days commandeered almost 70,000 vehicles. Mr. G. B. WARNER, of one Paris motor-car company, has lately described the first notable use of the auto in transport service. This was in September, when the Military Governor of Paris, General GALLIENI, made a sortie with 70,000 men loaded on taxicabs and other vehicles—nine soldiers to a cab, disposed as follows: two in each seat, two in the hood, one with the driver, and one on each running board. Thus General GALLIENI moved 70,000 men from Paris to Meaux, thirty-odd miles, in only six hours, and helped to drive back General von KLUCK. Will the present conflict go down in history as the devil-wagon war? There are almost as many differences between war as it is waged to-day and the wars of a century ago, when BONAPARTE marched his men on foot and horse through France and Germany, through Russia and Austria, even through Spain and northern Africa, as there were between the wars of NAPOLEON and those of HANNIBAL—who crossed the snowy Alps with his train of wondering elephants.

### The Quality of Modern Courage

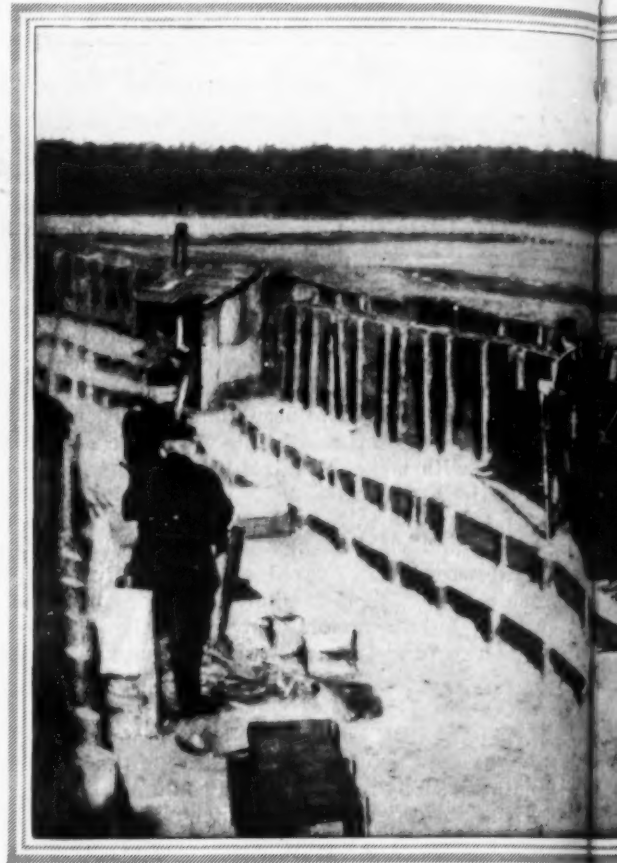
**THE GREAT WAR** has proved one thing at least: the enduring bravery of mankind. Military writers of a few years ago were skeptical about the soldierly qualities of modern city dwellers, believing that our urban civilizations must necessarily sap the fighting spirit and perhaps overcome it entirely. The present struggle has ended all that sort of comment. Whether Belgian, English, French, or German, these clerks and factory hands can hold their souls in strength, and on the given word can charge and die as valiantly as any Spartan. The appalling noise and carnage wrought by modern artillery results in some cases of nervous breakdown, but very few in comparison with the numbers engaged, and by no means producing effect enough to insure the success of the assault following the cannonade. The modern soldier simply digs his trench the deeper and holds on to meet the attack. The big guns are called by opprobrious and contemptuous nicknames, such as "Black Marias," "soup steamers," and the like. NAPOLEON said that the rarest sort of courage is four-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, but there is lots of that in the trenches along the French border. The Germans have systematically made many of their most determined assaults in the small hours following midnight, but these have been met as calmly and effectively as if under the noonday sun. It will be interesting to see how the psychologists will account for this, whether it may be ascribed to the very deadliness of modern weapons, or to the decay of superstition, or to more occult causes. This much is certain: modern men are worth saving for a better life on earth than many of them have had.



**I**N RUSSIA every warrior born to the purple is treated accordingly. In our snapshot above, taken in West Poland, where the battle pendulum has been swinging back and forth every week or two, army surgeons and ambulance men are seen placing a wounded Russian officer in a specially equipped automobile. The injured man is wrapped in fine blankets and is being handled as carefully as if he were a monarch. In the oval below British sailors are seen standing around a 13.5-inch projectile on the deck of one of the dreadnoughts which shelled the Germans' land forces along the Belgian coast. The shell is more than five feet long



## As the War Pen



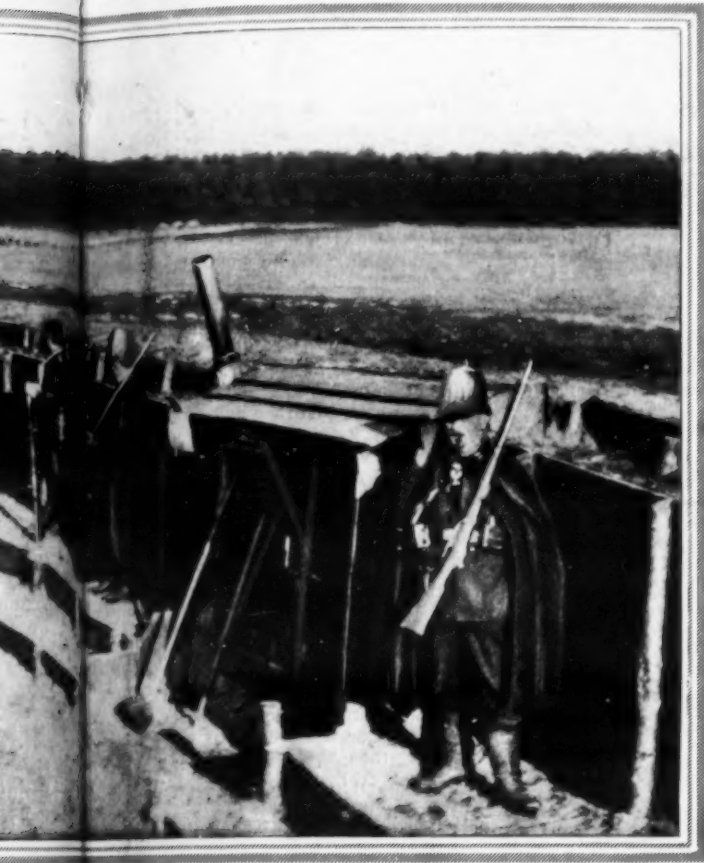
**INTRENCHED IN A SLUICE.** German sentries in Belgium posted in a sluice after heavy rains. Sluices in the lowlands have been used by the Germans to flood the country.



**KING GEORGE V OF ENGLAND and King Albert of Belgium** at a review of Belgian troops near the Belgian coast. King George II led his army against the French at Dettingen in 1743. From right to left: King George V, King Albert, and King George II.



# Pendulum Swings



Belgium joined by the banks of a dammed-up ditch formerly used to divert flood have been used by the Allies to overflow large areas in the path of the German army

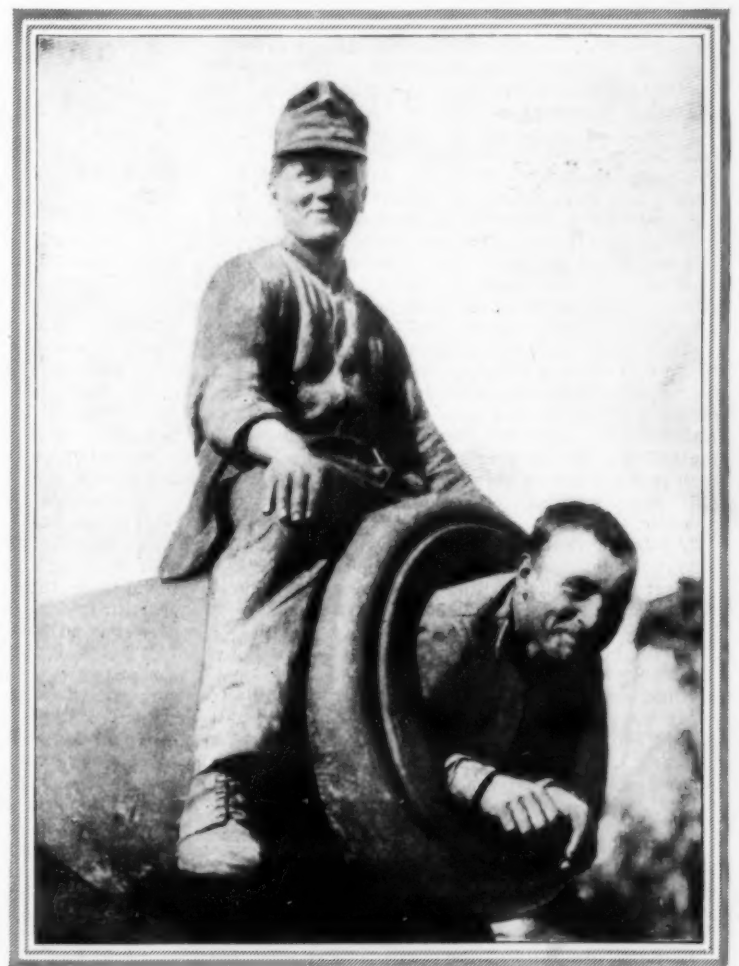
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IN THE CIRCLE a Russian army officer (with hand extended) is seen selecting a village's quota of soldiers from the unenlisted. Peasants are lined up for inspection and the officer is picking out the fittest as he would choose the best horses from a drove. The well-dressed bystanders belong to the upper class and are in no danger of being plucked for the ranks. Below is a photograph of the muzzle of a siege gun on the firing line in Galicia, Austria, where the Russian invaders have been advancing most of the time since the war began. The man inside the gun is a German and the one astride it is an Austrian



troops near the firing line in the Yser River region. This was the first time a British monarch had gone to the front since King George V. The Prince of Wales, and Major General Maharajah Sir Pertab Singh of the East Indian army



# BARBARA'S MARRIAGES

## CHAPTER III MARRIED

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN  
ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

BARBARA had received two letters from Leonard Hare and a picture of Bayonne from Lucia Streeter. Hare's first letter was an enthusiastic description of Pasadena and a glowing account of his professional prospects, which, thanks to the wide influence of the Streeters, were already developing into something tangible. His second letter was a stiff little note, wishing her joy in her approaching marriage. Evidently, Barbara thought, he shared Thornton's belief that she ought not to be marrying Rhodes. Barbara was vaguely disappointed; she could have wished that Hare had written as enthusiastically about her future as he had about his own.

She had the further excitement of shopping. Anita was never too tired to go to Charlottesville; she even talked of a visit to Richmond. Anita acted almost as if she were engaged rather than Barbara; over the girl's trousseau she had all the flutter and pleasurable glow of a prospective bride. She was generous in her outlay, purchasing much more than Barbara wished to accept. Anita wanted to fill all Barbara's hours, so that there should be no time for fears or regrets. Rhodes came every day, generally with some gift, always with some plan for Barbara's pleasure. With all the new motion in her life, the girl found plenty of topics for conversation with her lover.

There were moments of terrified withdrawals, of a wish to live her life alone, even if she had to teach poor country children, and win Anita's eternal displeasure. One of these came after she and Anita had returned from Charlottesville late one afternoon and were laying away their purchases in a press which had belonged to Barbara's mother. Anita always kept it locked. On this occasion she gave the key to Barbara saying:

"I always meant that you should have all your mother's things. In that bottom drawer are your little baby clothes. I hope your own baby will wear them some day, Barbara; a woman isn't much use in the world unless she's had a child."

Anita was thinking of herself rather than of Barbara, and she did not see the girl's blanching face. As soon as she could Barbara fled to her own room and locked the door. A child! That was horrible! Shudderingly, all that she had ever known or guessed of the intimacies of marriage swept blackly and nauseatingly into her mind. She lay huddled on her bed with clenched hands and bitten lips. No, she couldn't! She couldn't! She must ask Gilbert to free her! She couldn't go on!

But when the late afternoon light faded, and the darkness fell, and she heard the familiar household sounds that warned her that supper was under way, and that Gilbert had come in from the stables, then she knew that it would be almost impossible to retreat. She had never yet been able to resist Anita's hard, nagging force; how could she expect to master it in a crisis in which Anita would take the position that the honor of the family was involved?

When Mammy Kate's daughter, young Sissy, came to see why she had not gone down to supper, she sent back word that she had a headache and could not eat anything. Then in the dark she waited tensely for Anita. After a long time she heard Anita coming down the hallway, her clicking steps a little more hurried than usual. Barbara pressed herself back against the pillows, her muscles steeled. Anita entered, carrying a candle.

"All in the dark?" Anita said, trying to make her tone commonplace. "Is your headache very bad?"

"Yes; it's not my head only; it's everything. Sister Anita, I can't marry Mr. Rhodes; I can't do it!"

ANITA, her hand trembling, set down the candle on the table by the side of the bed.

"Oh, you don't really mean that, honey," she said in a careless voice underlain by a note of irritated anxiety. "You'll feel mighty different in the morning."

"I won't, Sister Anita. I haven't wanted to marry him all along. I don't want to marry anyone; I have a horror of it—of marriage!"

Barbara's voice had a wild note, but Anita answered still with a careless intonation.

"Law, honey, what ails you is just a kind of stage fright. All young girls feel it, and it doesn't mean a thing. Six months from now you'll laugh at yourself for having been so silly."

Barbara sat up in bed, her eyes wide and appealing. "Please, Sister Anita, please have mercy on me! You



*She passed into her own room and sat at the window. She could hear the movements of the horses....*

said yourself when we first talked about it that I didn't have to marry him if I didn't want to—that you weren't going to hand me over to him like a chattel."

"Barbara," cried Anita sharply, "how dare you talk in this melodramatic way about my having mercy on you! You're hysterical! You should have talked to me like this when the marriage was first suggested if your feelings are so strong. You said yourself that you wanted to marry him."

"I said that because I knew you wanted me to do it. But I didn't know it was going to be so bad as this. If you won't save me, brother must. I can't go on with it. Mrs. Langrel would let me live with her."

Anita turned her head quickly to the door as if she feared her husband's appearance. Then she sat on the bed and took Barbara's wrists in her hands with a strength the girl had not dreamed she possessed.

"Don't you dare appeal to Gilbert with his bad heart," she said. "You might kill him. I've had everything taken away from me but Gilbert; you leave him to me! It's all nonsense to talk of going to Mrs. Langrel; you'd have to stay here if you didn't marry. You must marry Huntley!"

Her breath came sharply, and she went on, lowering her voice to a piercing whisper.

"You're bound in honor to Huntley Rhodes. You can't shame him by breaking off with him on the very eve of the marriage. I reckon even you think he's too good a man to be humiliated by a young girl. He would never lift his head up again. You've got to go on with it for his sake, and for your own, too, for Gilbert's and for mine."

Anita steadied her voice and then said: "I'm a sick woman. No one knows how I suffer, just because I'm not confined to my bed. I've never had anything I've wanted, and the things I've wanted more than anything in the world are Gilbert and my own home. I've never had them because of you. Never since I came into this house has there been one day when you have not been with us under this roof! We've had no children, and Gilbert has made you his child! I was almost middle-aged when I was married to Gilbert, and since you've been growing up he's made you his young sweetheart! For six years I've done my best for you, when every nerve in my body and soul has cried out against having you here. I've tried to be mother and sister to you when you've been poisoning my life."

"Stop! Stop!" Barbara cried. "Oh, Sister Anita, I didn't know you hated me like this!"

"Hate you? I don't hate you," Anita said drearily. "I couldn't hate anything that belongs to Gilbert. I think I could love you if you had your own home and other interests besides Gilbert. If you were gone, he'd have no one but me. Oh, you think it's hard on you because you haven't learned to love Huntley Rhodes yet. How would you like to be me, with my heart in the dirt at your brother's feet, afraid to speak because he wouldn't hear what I'd say, afraid almost to look at him for fear I'd find his eyes on you! And when I do speak, my nerves run away with me and I say something I'd give my soul to recall—something that just pushes us farther apart. You don't know what suffering is!"

Anita burst into wild weeping.

"Hush, hush! Gilbert will hear you," Barbara whispered.

"He wouldn't care unless he thought it was you crying," Anita sobbed. "Ever since you've grown up you've been sorry for yourself because it's dull here. But that's an easy kind of grief. Wait till you love and are helpless, like I am."

"Don't cry any more, Sister Anita," Barbara said. "I didn't understand. I reckon I never stopped to think whether you were happy or not. I reckon I just thought old married people didn't have much feeling one way or another."

Almost she forgot herself in a great pity for Anita—that poor, sick, fretful woman who thought that she could yet make happiness out of the wreck of her own and her husband's lives. Barbara knew that Anita was seizing the nearest excuse for the failure of her marriage; the real reason lay in the fact that Gilbert did not love her. As if Anita were reading her mind, she said:

"It's much more important for the husband to love the wife than for the wife to love the husband. You'll get on well because Huntley worships the ground you walk on."

"Please get up off the bed, Sister Anita," Barbara said painfully, "I can't seem to think when you are so close to me."

Anita arose and stood by the table. Barbara gazed straight in front of her, trying to put herself in Anita's place. It must be hard to be unloved, to see another person, even a sister, preferred to oneself. Perhaps it was the daily pain, the long repression which had made Anita ill. It must have been a tragedy to see her husband change from a young man who sang before he came into the room into a spiritless aging man for whom life had no zest. Poor Anita must feel even more helpless in her situation than Barbara felt in hers. Anita deserved the release she wanted, even though that release would not give her what she longed for. Barbara must go on with her marriage. She was not only bound in honor to Rhodes, but she was bound in pity to Anita.

"Very well, Sister Anita," she said, "I won't make any more scenes. I'll marry Mr. Rhodes next week. I won't make you any more trouble."

Anita silently picked up the candle and left the room. Barbara lay down again. She tried to push away all thought of herself and fix her pity on Anita, seeing where Gilbert had failed his wife. Young as Barbara was, she had perception which Gilbert, being a man, lacked. She vowed to keep her sympathy constantly alive for Rhodes.

"I'm caged," she said drearily; "I'm caged forever, but I shall see that poor Mr. Rhodes is never so miserable as poor Anita."

THROUGHOUT the days that elapsed before the wedding, Barbara and Anita avoided being alone together. During the household preparations they kept Mammy Kate or Sissy with them.

When it was necessary to go to Charlottesville, one or the other of them made some excuse to stay at home. It was generally Barbara who did the journeying; she liked to distract her mind by the spectacle of the shops and streets of the town. She went on long rides with Rhodes, who had given her a horse, which she called Kirby, after Rhodes's English home. Barbara always felt free spirited on horseback; it was easier to talk to Rhodes then than at any other time. She did not fully realize that her underlying feeling was that she was not in danger of being embraced and that she could always gallop away.



The days before her wedding went by, sometimes slowly, sometimes at incredible speed. All the wedding plans had been made; they had been proposed by Rhodes and agreed to by her without any change. She was glad that he never consulted Anita or Gilbert; she wanted her life to be as fully detached as possible from Anita's control. Since the weather was so perfect, they were going first by automobile to Rives Ferry, a little town on the way to Richmond. Rhodes had learned that Barbara's mother had been born in that place. He had rented for a week the very house in which she had lived, furnished much as it had been when she was a girl. Afterward they would motor to New York and then take a steamer for the Mediterranean. In the spring they would visit Rhodes's English relatives, and in the autumn they would come home. Barbara assented to every plan, gravely, sweetly, and quite as if it were some stranger's life she was arranging. She could not believe that it was Barbara Langworthy who was going to be married.

The day before the wedding she began to realize that it was herself to whom this great change was coming. Anita suddenly forgot her reticence and took on the nervous animation that had been hers during the first days of the engagement.

"Honey, hush!" she said gayly at breakfast. "I reckon this will be the busiest day of our lives! Some of the neighbors have been sending in their presents. I just knew they'd 'most all come at the last minute. I'm crazy to see them. Gilbert, do you reckon I could drag out the nails myself?"

She laughed and stretched her thin, sallow hand toward him. Gilbert tapped it with the handle of his knife and said: "I reckon you could, but I'm not going to have you tear your fingers."

Anita blushed with pleasure, and Barbara thought: "They will get on better without me. They haven't acted like that since the first year they were married."

Old Uncle 'Thias came in with a claw hammer, followed by Mammy Kate and Sissy, eager to see the gifts. The nails were removed, and Anita said: "Now you all stand back and let Miss Barbara lift the things out; they're hers."

Barbara knelt over the boxes and took out the presents. She knew that they represented sincere well-wishing on the part of her neighbors, because she could see that they had been treasured by the owners, or else had been bought at the cost of some real sacrifice.

There was a fine silver pitcher, a family piece, sent by the old Englishman who was always going home and never would go. A note accompanied it in which he said wistfully that if she went to his part of England she must be sure to tell him how everything looked. Barbara vowed that she would get a camera and bring him home scores of pictures. There was the only piece of Dresden China which Mrs. Langrel possessed, but not a word with it. There was an elaborately knitted quilt which Leonard Hare's mother had spent months in making. Evidently, Barbara reflected, she had written to her son and asked permission to send it. Stephen Thornton's uncle sent her one of the two old tattered standards that had been carried by his regiment in the war.

"Oh," Barbara murmured. "I didn't know people could be so good to me."

"Course dey is good to you, honey, 'case dey loves you," Mammy Kate said, and immediately broke into loud howls, in which Sissy joined her, while Uncle 'Thias, falling in with his family's emotions, began to snifle and wipe his eyes.

"My baby's gwine away from me," declared Mammy Kate; "'tain't no reason for me to live with her a-drownin' in de yocean and a-fallin' off dat big ship."

"Hold your tongues, all of you," commanded Gilbert; "what do you want to upset Miss Barbara for? You'd better clear up some of this mess here instead of yelling all over the place."

"I was gwine hold in 'twell the weddin'," apologized Mammy Kate.

"Well, mind you don't blubber at the wedding," Gilbert cautioned. "You've done your blubbering now,

and anyone that drops a tear will be run out of the drawing room."

Barbara was unmoved by the display of the servants. She still knelt on the floor, not thinking of herself at all, but of her neighbors, and of all their lives must hold hidden of self-sacrifice and pain. Not one of them, she told herself, but had wanted as much as she had to ride along the great red road into a world where happiness would be waiting. And, knowing their lives even superficially as she did, she was sure that none of them had got what they had wanted.

"Do get up, honey," Anita said; "you'll have cramped muscles if you sit there much longer. Uncle 'Thias will lift the boxes on the table for you."

BARBARA unwrapped the various packages, and Anita carefully carried them to a table in the library, where they would be on exhibition the next day. There was a piece of modern silver from Thornton and some Japanese vases from Hare. Lucia Streeter, much to her surprise, had written her a letter wishing her all happiness. While she was still reading it, Rhodes came. The others seemed to understand that he was bringing his bridal gift, and presently he and she were alone.

Rhodes clasped a string of pearls about her neck and led her to a mirror.

"See how beautiful you look, my darling," he said. "The pearls could not make you lovelier than you are."

Barbara smiled at him in the mirror.

"You are too good to me," she said. "Do you know that you have given me ten pieces of jewelry?"



Barbara noted where there were two or three girls standing and threw the bouquet in their direction

"My mother gave them to you," he corrected.

He hoped that she would say that she valued them the more because they were his mother's. But she murmured: "I'll take such good, good care of them."

"Are you all worn out getting ready, my precious?" he asked her.

"Oh, no, I've really not had a great deal of sewing done. I'm mighty anxious not to have your English kin think I'm just a little country girl," she said. "I thought we'd get some things in Paris."

"It will be wonderful in Paris," he said.

He began to describe the places they would see,

and, as he talked, Barbara had a vision of the gayety and charm of Paris, and of herself as a part of it. She smiled at him brilliantly.

"We'll have such good times," she said.

He drew her to him eagerly.

"My little wife; oh, my little wife," he breathed ardently.

Barbara had learned to bear such moments by lying inert in his arms and thinking hard how good he was and how much she owed him. At first she had stiffened her body, but then Rhodes had instantly released her; later she had learned how to be passive and acquiescent.

Anita insisted that Barbara rest all the afternoon. When she came down to supper, bewildered with sleep and blinking at the lamp, Gilbert caught her to his arms.

"She looks like a baby," he said impulsively. "I wish Rhodes had waited another year."

The animation in Anita's face died down, and Barbara said: "I'll seem a heap older when I've got my wedding dress on. Just look, brother, at the big supper Sister Anita has for me."

"I certainly mean to take care of you while I've got you," Anita said.

Barbara tried to talk, but presently she fell silent, and, after a little, Anita, too, stopped talking. All three were oppressed by the thought of the morrow. After the meal they sat in their old places in the drawing room, in their old silence. Anita's few remarks seemed strangely out of key, and she soon abandoned any attempt to change the wonted order.

At nine Barbara rose.

"Don't go," Gilbert said. "It's the last evening. Don't go, Babbie."

"You'll make her cry if you talk like that," Anita said. "But stay with your brother a little while if you can, Barbara. I'll go upstairs."

She lingered, hoping they would ask her not to go, but they did not speak. She left the room, and then Barbara came over to her brother and sat on his knee, as she had so often done as a child. He stroked her hair, but they found nothing to say to each other. Soon Barbara was increasingly conscious of Anita, lying in bed alone in the dark, listening, listening. After all, there was nothing to be gained by clinging to Gilbert. She got up and said: "You must lock up, brother. I won't go around with you. I should be saying to myself it was for the last time."

Her voice broke. Gilbert patted her on the back and said hoarsely: "You'll come back often. You'll come over here every day. I couldn't get on without seeing you every day, Babbie."

"Yes, I'll come every day," Barbara said.

She went quickly upstairs to her yellow room. She knew well that she would not sleep, and for half the night she sat at the window, looking out upon the dark fields she knew so well, saying farewells over and over again to all that had to do with Barbara Langworthy, hoping that somehow to-morrow there would be a new creature with different feelings, some one who was quite ready to be Barbara Rhodes. When she heard a sleepy cock crow she took off her clothes and lay down. She was still sure that she could not sleep, and she prepared herself for a wide-eyed vigil. At one moment she was vaguely eying the dim blur that was the wall; at what seemed to her the next, she was starting up in bed, staring at Anita, who had just opened her blinds and was letting in a shaft of mellow sunlight, which poured over the ugly carpet and lost itself in the open door.

"Forgive me for waking you, honey, but it's 'most ten," Anita said; "and you'll not have too much time. There's your breakfast on the table."

ALL that she liked was loaded on the tray.

"It's very good of you, Sister Anita," Barbara murmured.

"They're fixing the drawing room now," Anita went on. "Lots of the neighbors are helping. All the chrysanthemums in the place are here, I reckon, and the clergyman's wife is making a mighty pretty wedding bell, just like the one she was married under."

Anita laid the tray across Barbara's knees and went on: "I've said that not a soul's to see you, except Gilbert, of course, and you can have either Sissy or me to help you dress."

"I'll have you, Sister Anita," Barbara murmured.

"I reckon Sissy'd do something silly," Anita said in a constrained tone. "Honey, I clean forgot your bath. You take it, and I'll get fresh coffee and cakes."

"These will be hot enough," Barbara said, getting out of bed.

She had actually slept; she was actually awake, and it was her wedding day. After that she moved like a person in a dream, all the time acutely aware that time was going fast, too fast. She lingered over her bath and her breakfast. (Continued on page 23)

# MOBILIZING THE COSSACKS

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM  
DECORATIONS BY GARTH JONES

I WAS staying in an Altai Cossack village on the frontier of Mongolia when the war broke out, twelve hundred versts south of the Siberian Railway, a most verdant resting place with majestic fir forests, snow-crowned mountains range behind range, green and purple valleys deep in larkspur and monkshood. All the young men and women of the village were out on the grassy hills with scythes, the children gathered currants in the wood each day, old folk sat at home and sewed furs together, the pitch boilers and charcoal burners worked at their black fires with barrels and scoops, and athwart it all came the message of war.

At 4 a. m. on the 31st of July the first telegram came through—an order to mobilize and be prepared for active service. I was awakened that morning by an unusual commotion, and, going into the village street, saw the soldier population collected in groups, talking excitedly. My peasant hostess cried out to me: "Have you heard the news? There is war!" A young man on a fine horse came galloping down the street, a great red flag hanging from his shoulders and flapping in the wind, and as he went he called out the news to each and every one: "War! War!"

Horses out, uniforms, swords! The village *feldscher* took his stand outside our one Government building, the *Volostnoe pravlenie*, and began to examine horses. The Czar had called on the Cossacks; they gave up their work without a regret and burned to fight the enemy. Who was the enemy? Nobody knew. The telegram contained no indications. All the village population knew was that the same telegram had come as came ten years ago when they were called to fight the Japanese. Rumors abounded. All the morning it was persisted that the Yellow Peril had matured and that the war was with China. Russia had pushed too far into Mongolia and China had declared war. Then a rumor went round: "It is with England, with England!" So far away these people lived they did not know that our old hostility had vanished. Only after four days did something like the truth come to us, and then nobody believed it.

"An immense war," said a peasant to me. "Thirteen powers engaged—England, France, Russia, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, against Germany, Austria, Italy, Roumania, Turkey."

Two days after the first telegram a second came, and this one called up every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-three. Astonishing, that Russia should at the very outset begin to mobilize her reservists five thousand versts from the scene of hostilities!

Flying messengers arrived on horses breathless and steaming, and delivered packets into the hands of the ataman, the head man of the Cossacks, the secret instructions. Fresh horses were at once given them and they were off again within five minutes of their arrival in the village.

The great red flag was mounted on an immense pine pole at the end of our street, and at night it was taken down and a large red lantern was hung in its place. At the entrance of every village such a flag flew by day, such a lantern by night.

## When Ivan Waves Good-by

THE preparations for departure went on each day, and I spent much time watching the village "vet" certifying or rejecting mounts. A horse that could not go fifty miles a day was not passed. Each Cossack brought his horse up, plucked its lips apart to show the teeth, explained marks on the horse's body, mounted it bareback and showed its paces. The examination was strict; the Cossacks had a thousand miles to go to get to the railway at Omsk. It was necessary to have strong horses.

On the Saturday night there was a melancholy service in the wooden village church. The priest in a long sermon looked back over the history of Holy Russia, dwelling chiefly on the occasion when Napoleon defiled the churches of "Old Mother Moscow" and was punished by God. "God is with us," said the priest: "victory will be ours."

Sunday was a holiday and no preparations were made that day. On Monday the examination of horses

went on. The Cossacks brought also their uniforms, swords, hats, half shubas, overcoats, shirts, boots, belts, all that they were supposed to provide in the way of kit, and the ataman checked and certified each soldier's portion.

On Thursday, the day of setting out, there came a third telegram from St. Petersburg. The vodka shop, which had been locked and sealed during the great temperance struggle which has been in progress in Russia, might be opened for one day only.

What scenes there were that day! All the men of the village had become soldiers and pranced on their horses. At eight o'clock in the morning the holy-water basin was taken from the church and placed with triple candles on the open sun-blazed mountainside. The Cossacks met there as at a rendezvous, and all their womenfolk in multifarious bright cotton dresses and tear-stained faces walked out to say a last religious good-by.

The bareheaded, long-haired priest came out in vestment of violet blue, and behind him came the old men of the village carrying the icons and banners of the church, after them the village choir singing as they marched. A strange mingling of sobbing and singing went up to heaven from the crowd outside the wooden village, this vast irregular collection of women on foot clustered about a long double line of stalwart horsemen.

The consecration service took place, and only then did we learn the almost incredible fact that the war was with Germany.

It made the hour and the act and the place even more poignant. I at least understood what it meant to go to war against Germany and the destiny that was in store.

"God is with you," said the priest in his sermon—the tears were running down his face the while—"God is with you, not a hair of your heads will be lost. Never turn your backs on the foe. Remember that if you do, you endanger the eternal welfare of your souls. Remember, too, that a letter, a post card, one line—will be greedily read by all of us who remain behind. God bless His faithful slaves!"

When the lesson was read there was a great scramble among the soldiers to get their heads underneath the Bible. They looked true "slaves of God," these soldiers on their knees in the blazing sunlight, the great Bible on their bushy heads. Each soldier dismounted and prostrated himself in the prayers, each soldier at the last kissed the cross in the priest's hand and was anointed on the brow with holy water.

And when anointed he passed away from the priest, leading his horse by the bridle. He sought out mother and wife in the waiting throng, embraced them and was blessed, amid sobbings that wrung the heart.

Away, away! Two miles from the village an ox had been killed and was being cooked by the side of the road, and gallon bottles of vodka waited in the grass. The soldiers got into saddle again, and rode out through the crowds of women, old men, children. And a great number followed them to the place of picnic.

The ox was cooked over a great fire by the riverside, the green birches withering in the smoke. The Cossacks came up quickly, and, getting down from their horses, tied them to the trees. Buckets and kettles and glasses were brought forth from a shed, also many plates, but no tables. There was soup and roast beef and vodka for all comers.

First of all, the gallon bottles of spirit were emptied into the buckets and kettles and distributed among the men, the men themselves officiating. There were drinks all round and healths to the Czar and to Russia and to themselves.

While the vodka was being thus purveyed the caldrons were receiving attention, and directly the toasts were drunk the soup was dealt out, each man holding his plate as he stood and putting his lips to

the hot liquid, blowing it and trying to drink it—there were no spoons. Meat was carved and taken promiscuously to eat—and then the vodka was finished. Only a very limited quantity had been

supplied, but enough to inflame the emotionalized souls of men so lately taken through a moving religious ceremony, so lately touched to tears by the farewell to home.

One man held up a ruble, showing the Emperor's face, and all the soldiers sang "God save the Czar," and then danced round the coin.

The ataman was taken, hoisted shoulder high, and thrown three times into the air and caught again with cheers, a great stout bearded military official. A number of soldiers even came up to me and laid their hands on me, saying:

"*Pozvol'te vas raskachat!*" ("Let's give you a swing!")

I had difficulty in getting away.

The roaring little river rushed along under the birch trees, the horses waited in the green shade, the men danced and sang, the women sobbed and keened.

There was an hour of it, and then the officer in command gave the word, and all the men were in the stirrup again.

The long journey and farewell began in earnest. Even so, women on horseback accompanied their husbands twenty or thirty miles and then said good-by and even watched them out of sight as they dipped with the dust into the horizon. So Russia sent off her men from the frontier of Mongolia to fight on the far-off plains of Austria and Poland.

## "Soldiers First"

THE day after the setting out of the Cossacks, I decided to follow, hiring first the post and then the zemsky horses. It was like following a reaping.

Wherever I went all the able-bodied men had gone before me; there were only old men, women, and children remaining. Boys of twelve and thirteen were in charge of the Government horses; women who could neither read nor write had charge of the post stations. Graybeards worked with girls in the haymaking fields.

Outside every village hung by day the red flag of war; every night a great red lantern with baleful light.

A fine journey along the corridors of the Altai ranges from settlement to settlement, through prairie grass, a warm wind blowing all the day, a golden moon coming up out of China to rule in the night. The heart trembled at the thoughts of war, but all around was the indifferent peace of a remote country.

It was tantalizing to look at this glowing Altai moon, so placid and perfect, and to feel that four thousand miles away the destinies of Europe were being settled on the field of battle.

How slow was my progress! After four days I got on a river steamer packed with reservists, and started the long river journey down the Irtysh to Semipalatinsk and Omsk. The cabins of the boat were occupied by officers, the deck by the soldiers—and civil passengers of whatever description were put in the holds with the cargo, the men fore, the women aft. Doctors, peasants, engineers, fishermen, civil servants, farmers, found themselves, cheek by cheek and knee by knee, trying to sleep on sacks of rye and trusses of hay. But there was no

grumbling; everyone understood that it was "soldiers first."

We stayed all night at Ust Kammenyogorsk. There was a hurricane of wind and drenching rain.

No one on the ship slept, but all sat and looked serious while soldiers stood about in their cloaks and the pale lights of the ship shimmered on black bayonets.

Next morning we were played off by a military band. There was a crowd as if the whole female population of the town had come out to see us off, and, as the national anthem was played, the sobs of mothers and wives mingled in unison. (Concluded on page 21)





# PICKUPS

## BY GRANTLAND RICE



### The 1914 Campaign

IN THE way of shocks, upsets, twists, and weird surprises, 1914, as a sportive year, holds the record for all time.

Never before in one brief season have as many champions been dethroned and as many "sure winners" been beaten to a pulp by outsiders in the betting.

Only look back at the wreckage along the season's highway. In tennis, Brookes and Wilding were overthrown by McLoughlin, who was beaten for the American title by Williams, who, in turn, lost the collegiate title to George Church. In golf, Outmet lost his open title to Hagen, and Travers lost his amateur crown to Outmet. In baseball, the Giants, three-time winners, were beaten by the Braves of tail-end tradition, who then proceeded to beat the great Athletics four times in four days, closing out the shortest series ever held. In the ring, Ritchie, an American, lost the lightweight title to an Englishman after England had waited nineteen years.

The Big Four of American polodom fell at last before England's rush, while America in turn, through the Harvard crew, cracked tradition by winning at Henley in the battle of oars. In football, Haughton and Harvard retained the Crimson supremacy in the East, but in the Middle West Illinois overturned the Conference Big Three—Chicago, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. In baseball, the eternal Tyrus again led both leagues at bat, but those who suffered heavy reverses were Mathewson, Johnson, Wagner, Lajole, and many other veterans from past years of glory.

The upsetting of so many old champions and the installation of so many newcomers to the far heights should start 1915 off with a rush. The ex-champs will drive back in a body to regain the ramparts they have lost. And it will be interesting to see how many of the new champs have the stuff to offer winning resistance. It is often harder to hold the top than to win it. And it will be interesting to see also just how long Ty Cobb and Percy Haughton can travel before they are at last beaten back by new adventurers after fame.

### The Year Beyond

*We've skidded along and we've stalled and quit;  
We have bungled the job—and have called it Fate;  
We've made ten errors to each clean hit  
As Old Doc Time kept cutting the plate;  
With the goal ahead we have looked behind  
Or piked along with but half a heart;  
We've lost the track where we charged in blind,  
But—here's a chance for another start.*

*We've got our bumps where it hurt the most  
As we dug for the Grand Old Alibi;  
Or we've charged head down through the broken host  
With never a turn for an old pal's cry;  
We've floundered through many a boggy stew  
But Old Doc Tempus has done his part,  
He has slipped us a leaf that is clean and new,  
So here's a chance for another start.*

### McGraw and Mack

MCGRAW of the Giants arrayed a powerful pennant machine in 1905. In 1906 it crumpled around him, and he needed six years to build another. In 1911 the Giant leader finally started another winning legion under way for a three-year run.

Mack, too, had a pennant winner in 1905. In 1906 he also watched his machine buckle up, and five years were needed to build a new and victorious battalion.

There were strong signs this last season that both the Giants and the Athletics were skidding again, ready for another dismemberment. The first were beaten in their pennant fight—the others were overthrown in their world championship stand. So both Mack and McGraw are planning to infuse new blood into their casts for next April's start. Both will have the strongest sort of competition, as Boston alone can furnish two powerful machines, and there are other rivals on the way again. The two veteran leaders have both shown they could meet defeat and rebuild, but six years is a long time to wait after one has subsisted for many seasons on the succulent diet of Fame. It will be more than interesting to see what the two Macs can do in their second start from the rut.



### Fable

ONCE upon an occasion a monster meeting of magnates and ball players was assembled. This meeting was not called to protect the interests of club owners nor of players, but for the general benefit of an army of 10,000,000 fans—the taxpayers at the turnstiles.

The object of the meeting was to see that the main desires of these 10,000,000 salary providers should be met as far as possible.

Moral—the year 2086 is a long way off.

### The Amateur and the Pro.

"WHAT Are We to Do with Our Amateurs?" is the title of a spicy little chapter to be opened up for 1915's perusal in the spicy Library of Sport. Just how far an amateur is to be permitted to wander in his pursuit of the precious dollar is one of the most intricate problems that those who control the Game have ever known. For there seems to be no answer that is sufficient and final and fair.

For example, we have had some eminent football players who have made from \$800 to \$1,200 in a season writing football. Were they paid this money as writers—or as football players? The answer is simple. Yet many students, unknown to athletic fame, write for newspapers and draw fair compensation for the same. Who is to draw the line?

There are a number of amateur golfers who make at least \$500 or perhaps \$1,000 a year "on the side" in various ways attached to golf. Yet they compete for no money prizes nor are they paid for instruction. Golf isn't their livelihood—but it furnishes them a livelier financialhood than they would otherwise enjoy.

Money, with the pro., is the main issue. Money, with many of our amateurs, is merely a side issue—but in many cases a most material one.

If we go too far, we will turn our games over to the rich in the amateur field.

If we don't go far enough, there will soon be no cleanly separated amateur field. The dividing line is a trifle indistinct. Everyone knows that a lot of our amateurs are making quite a little money out of their different games, in one way or another. But there is still a question as to how much real harm comes from this—if any harm at all. And a still greater question, if there is harm, as to how the issue shall be handled in exactly the proper way.

In the burning words of the immortal Lycurgus: "You can frisk us for the answer."

### The Sporting Capital

WASHINGTON, D. C., may be the capital of this more or less energetic nation. But its sporting capital is now located at Boston, Mass.

This season alone Boston has won the baseball championship, the football championship, and the amateur golf championship. In the last three years she has won three football championships, two world series championships, the open golf championship, and the amateur golf crown.

In this new sporting capital the cabinet in the main is composed of George Stallings, Percy Haughton, and Francis Outmet. Which, for combined efficiency, is just a trifle better than any that Washington has ever known. In the last three years Boston entries have beaten the Giants, Athletics, Yale, Princeton, Michigan, Travers, Vardon, and Ray. If any others desire to be accommodated, they know where they can apply.

### Asking Another Why

WHY should we expect Europe to establish peace from her wars when over here we are unable to establish peace even in our greatest amusement and entertainment—baseball? Europe is bad enough, but we are unable to establish peace even in our play.

### The Little Land of Play

*Here let the sunshine linger—  
The softest south wind stay;  
No shadow gather over  
Life's Little Land of Play;  
No sin nor sorrow reach them—  
No storm that rushes by  
Leave for the dreamers guarded there  
The echo of a sigh.*

*Give them the breath of morning  
When spring's first zephyr blows  
To paint upon each pallid cheek  
The crimson of the rose;  
Wee lips as pink as starlight,  
Bright eyes that see no pain,  
As tender as the violets,  
Blue wet in April's rain.*

*Give them to know life's music  
Beyond the driving years;  
Too young to know the meaning  
Of heartaches and of tears;  
And when the twilight gathers  
By valley, hill, and stream,  
Give them across the darkness  
God's sweetest dream to dream.*

### The Spotlight and the Long Road

FAME in sport is too often a gaudy dwelling built upon a foundation of sand. And the average non-combatant often has queer ideas of what constitutes real worth. Through the campaign of 1914 the most valuable ball player in America for 154 games—the long route—was Edward T. Collins of Millerton, N. Y., and Philadelphia, Pa. Collins led all infielders in batting and he led all major-league ball players in runs scored, runs driven in, and, in addition to this, was the brightest defensive star in ball-dom's sky. Then, in a short four-game series for the world championship, Collins's team is beaten, and he does only fair work. Zip—and the spotlight is immediately shifted from Collins to Hank Gowdy and others who were not within forty leagues of the Mackian luminary over the long road—the distance that completes the ultimate test.

Any fair, average ball player may be a radiant wonder in a four or a six-game series. In this same series any star may be a quince of magnitude. But only a great ball player can operate a leading rôle from April through mid October. Yet the average ball player who stars in a few World Series games is awarded the chaplet of olive through the Winter League, while the 154-games star is forgotten.

Fame gathered beneath the shifting glow of the elusive spotlight is well enough. But fame won over the long road should have a triple call over the other, which it very often does not.

### The Lana of Par

*There are days when my drives wing far,  
When my iron shots clear the rut;  
But then when I get on the green in two  
I putt and I putt and I putt.*

*There are days when my chip shots roll  
Like a Vardon's to the pin,  
But I've missed my drive and I've taken six  
At last when the putt drops in.*

*There are days when my putts run true  
And straight to the waiting hole;  
But these are the days when my mashie shots  
Have shattered my aching soul.*

*Oh, gods of the golfer's realm,  
Over the bunkered heather,  
When is the day to come when I  
Hook three fine shots together?*

*From over the mystic seas  
The answer clears the foam—  
"On the day St. Peter turns the key  
And Heaven calls you home."*

# FIRST AID TO OUR INJURED INDUSTRIES

BY GEORGE FITCH

SKETCHES BY RODNEY THOMSON

## HOW THE AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS PERFORMED AS RESCUER DURING THE DARK DAYS OF 1914

I HOPE the reader who is about to venture cautiously into this article is a patient man and of an obliging disposition—patient, because I wish to approach my subject in a strategic and stealthy manner from the rear; obliging, because I am going to ask him to leave the altogether fascinating and surprising present and go back with me fifteen years, to the time when men lugged goods around laboriously in drays and hired a horse and buggy from the local liveryman when they wished to go out into the bosom of a beautiful Sunday afternoon and enjoy nature.

Assuming that we have now retreated into 1899, I wish to lead the way to an automobile factory. Almost any one of them will do for our purpose. They were much alike. At the moment of our entrance the president is standing in consultation with the superintendent over a half-finished machine.

"Darn that machine," says the superintendent, bitterly. "Wish we'd never started it. It's a hoodoo. I've always thought the engine was too light. That old piece of artesian-well tubing wasn't such a god-send to us after all. It made fine cylinders, but I simply couldn't make the ends compression proof."

"We're going to finish this one, just the same," says the president, "if it takes all year and I have to go back to the boiler works to earn enough money to pay for material. If it works, Andrews and McManus and Shams will all give us orders for next year."

"She's bound to work," says the superintendent. "And our new plan's right. The one-cylinder upright engine in front of the dash is the correct principle. If we only had \$5,000!"

"We could buy material for ten cars at a time," says the president.

"That's the only way to build 'em," says the superintendent eagerly. "This building a different design every time is no good. If we could lay ten automobiles down at once and just run them through, wouldn't it wake 'em up?"

"Some day they'll be building automobiles in hundred lots!" says the president dreamily.

"In ten years from now there'll be a thousand automobiles in Iowa," adds the superintendent. And then they forget the care-scarred present and soar happily off once more into dreamland. . . .

So much for the footsore and harness-littered past. Let us return now to the gloomy days of last summer, when political exigencies and general timidity had been getting in their deadliest work.

We are entering another factory—a hardware factory in Massachusetts. It is a big one this time, stretching for a block along the railroad line. It has a young forest of chimneys, stacks, and cupolas. A thousand men are leaving its gates for home and supper. They are cheerful and happy, for they are working, while across the street three watchmen form the pay roll of an even larger concern. But the presi-

dent hasn't quit work. Neither has the sales manager. They are sitting in the latter's office facing the problem of keeping the factory going another week.

"We can't run much longer at this rate," says the president; "that's certain. If we keep the full force on next week we'll have to let a big bunch off the week after. What has Benson to say?"

"Smallest order he's turned in yet," says the sales manager gloomily. "Says the way they talk in Chicago you'd think there never was going to be another house built. It's just as bad in St. Louis. Peterson wires me he's coming in. Says he can't conscientiously waste the company's money traveling in the South. Everyone is fighting for the rear seat in the cyclone cellar."

"My, but I hate to turn off 500 men just now," says the president. "I'd hoped we could wiggle along after election. Hello—" He has taken down the receiver of the telephone which had been ringing. It is a long-distance call.

"Hello, hello! Who? Oh, Sanderson? Where the deuce—Detroit? What are you wasting long-distance tolls—what? The Ajax order? Got it? Bully boy! What price? Oh, that's good! One hundred thousand, you say? Fine! What's that? Good again! They do? Well, make them the price. Get it. Understand me? Get it. Call me again in the morning. Treat yourself to a good show to-night. Good-by."

The president puts the receiver softly on the hook and, getting up, he executes a war dance of triumph around the table.

"Talk about lifeboats in time of trouble!" he chortles. "Sanderson has landed the Ajax people for 100,000 door handles."

"Wow!" shouts the sales manager. "Oh, you brass foundry!"

"To-morrow he'll close with them on priming cups and brackets."

"Saved!" shouts the sales manager. "Another week full time."

"And he says we've got a bully chance for their filler cap order. They like it and if we'll shade the price a little—"

"Won't we, though," chuckles the sales manager—"How many? Twenty-five thousand?"

"Yep. Gosh, but I'm glad to get that business. And Sanderson just went over on a chance. They were all bought, he says, but had held off on this stuff."

"Say," says the sales manager, getting up. "What did we do for business before the automobile came?"

Fifteen years ago the automobile was a curiosity. The whole industry wasn't as important to labor or finance as the business of assembling shoe buttons. Today the mere drippings from the automobile industry support huge factories in prosperity. More than one city has doubled its population because it builds trifles and knickknacks to sell to automobile factories, and the most wonderful growth of the last census was recorded by the city which was astute enough to gather in the automobile factories when they were young and staggering and plant them on the cornfields outside of town with plenty of room in which to grow. What has caused this wonderful change?

Multiplication. Mere multiplication. A simple little trick of mathematics known by every schoolboy. The careworn mechanic of fifteen years ago who built an asthmatic disturbance out of boiler iron, old well tubing, pipe fittings, buggy wheels,

and other fragments, has been turned into the president of an automobile factory which consumes a windstorm each day to inflate the tires on its new cars—by multiplication. Fifteen years ago the prosperous brass-fittings manufacturer laughed at the grimy crank who wanted credit for two priming cups so that he could finish his annual output of one automobile. To-day the same brass-fittings manufacturer gets an order from the crank of fifteen years ago for 100,000 priming cups and with tears in his eyes exclaims: "We're saved. Now the factory can run another week."

An automobile by itself is an important and somewhat awesome object. It is the largest and most costly purchase that can be made by a citizen outside of the financially distended class. It represents more than an average year's income. One automobile is about as much as most of us can admire, assimilate, or understand. But in order to discover the effect of the automobile upon American business, you have to multiply one automobile by 500,000—the number built and sold last year.

Verily, multiplication is a wonder-worker. You can't multiply anything by 500,000 without being impressed by the result. There is that little celluloid window in the back of the top through which you gaze so joyously at the car which

you have just passed. Throughout New Jersey factories have grown up to supply the celluloid sheets used in the automobile business. Nothing is less imposing than an upholstery button—the round, leather-covered kind which infests the back and sides of a tonneau. But by the time you have finished multiplying that upholstery button it looks like the United Mosquitoes of America. By the time you have multiplied the most insignificant thing on an automobile by 500,000 there is enough of it to keep a factory busy—and the mere business of manufacturing automobiles is the least important of the industry. The automobile builders are doing a mighty impressive little business. They produce, roughly estimated, about \$500,000,000 worth of cars a year—the average value of each car produced, according to late estimates, being \$980. But for all that, the automobile factory isn't the really important part of automobile building.

I was allowed to look over the purchasing account of a Detroit factory recently. It produced last year about 7,500 high-grade cars. Its factory expense was \$2,800,000. It has a huge plant, employs several thousand men and spends much more proportionately on labor than the makers of cheaper cars with a larger output. Out of this company's product, valued at about \$15,000,000, the factory itself expended \$2,800,000. As for the rest, the cost sheets ran as follows:

"Malleable iron and steel castings, frames, steel stampings, drop forgings, and nickel forgings—\$1,780,750."

That meant that in addition to the employment of all its own men this factory was helping out the iron, steel, and nickel business \$1,780,750 worth each year.

There was another set of items lumped carelessly together. "Tires, wheels, bodies, etc., \$1,255,155." Over in Akron, Ohio, a city of 80,000 where every other family offers up prayers each night for the continued prosperity of the automobile business, they had to build 30,000 tires for this factory last year. Somewhere else a lot of jobless wheelwrights got steady work at the factory which used

(Concluded on page 22)



"Some day they'll be building automobiles in hundred lots!" says the president dreamily



Back of them all we have the original producers, the diggers in the iron mines, the cowboys of Texas, the lumber men





## Mobilizing the Cossacks

(Concluded from page 18)

with the music as we beat the water into foam and steamed away.

All the way to Semipalatinsk the women came out from the villages and lined the riverside to see us—not to sell things as in time of peace, but to give. We stopped nowhere, but came gently alongside the village landing places, and as we did so the women flung aboard their gifts to the soldiers—five-pound loaves, cucumbers, red melons, cooked fish—crying and shouting the while. Many loaves and fishes had adventurous passages in their flight from the shore to the boat. How good that this personal sort of charity is still deep in Russia, not dried up. In the old days, when the Siberian prisoners were marched from village to village to the mines, the population of the villages used to turn out and befriend them in just such a way. To-day I read in the Russian newspaper how the people of the towns wait at the stations for the ambulance trains and carry their gifts to the captive and wounded—personally. Even to the German prisoners of war.

There was a great deal of feasting and merriment on the boat, though no vodka or beer. The stove in the general kitchen was always covered with pots, and in the pots fish, eggs, chickens, mutton.

There was eating and talking and music and dancing. When, at Semipalatinsk, we were transferred to the much larger steamer, *Andrei the First Called*, there was dancing all night.

On the deck of *Andrei the First Called* we had a thousand passengers, half of whom were reservists, the other half a medley of delayed Siberian passengers, Chinamen on the way to Peking, Chinese Tartars, Siberian Tartars, gangs of laborers, colonists, school-teachers going home from their holidays in the Altai, students going to the universities whose term opens in September, a party of Caucasian pioneers returning to Alagir near Vladikavkaz; five Ossetine tribesmen who had been, strange to say, in Canada and who spoke broken English and were of opinion that Siberia was "no good country"; a family of Zliriam going back to their home on the Petchora. In every corner and on every table rolled canteloupes and mushmelons, giving colors of gold and emerald to the monotony of Siberian rags. We were a long-haired, nonshaven lot of people. I myself

had a month's hair on my face. We were in bark boots, in jack boots, in bare and dirty feet. We had many "hares" aboard—ticketless passengers, tramps, tatterdemalions, men of the runaway convict type, beggars, thieves. I lay in the midst of it all and slept not. An orchestra was formed of two men with concertinas, three with fiddles, and one with a mouth organ, and even at three in the morning the musicians were surrounded by a great crowd, some on sacks, some on benches and tables, some hanging on from above, cheering, shouting, singing, as men couples went through the extraordinary dumb show of the popular dances, coming toward one another or retiring, averting their faces, shrugging their shoulders, hunching their backs, slipping down and dancing, as it were, on hips and heels, springing up again, kissing one another on the lips—

Besides myself, there was another Englishman on board, a mining expert who had come down from one of the mines that used to be worked by the convicts, but which a British company hopes to make more profit from. A Russian officer, learning that we were English, lifted his hat to us.

What animation there was at Omsk, soldiers galloping about or leading horses to and from the river, great companies of reservists in rags, companies in new attire and with new rifles, free dining places for reservists' families, squads of men drilling on the sands, and train after train packed with soldiers, all the red Siberian goods trucks emptied of the merchandise of peace and full of guns, saddles, oats, hay, laden with military carts and wagons, with soldiers and horses.

I was appreciably nearer the war, but still far away. The railway line was blocked for passenger service, and it was only in the slowest, slowest manner I made the two-thousand-mile journey west to Moscow, passing through the endless forests of Tobolsk, Perm, Viatka, Kostroma, Vologda, tasting the sodden stillness of the pine woods, picking up little contingents of reservists at village stations, listening to the sobbing of women saying good-by, watching military goods trains go past us, waiting hours, waiting whole nights to go on. The only diversion the telegrams for sale at the railway stations, the news of the doings of the armies.

## His Heart in His Feet

(Concluded from page 11)

Althea flung her arms about him, much to the amazement of a sweet-faced, gray-haired lady of sixty, who, with puffs disarranged, was just returning from a twenty minutes' romp in the maxixe.

"You're not going to remain a stupid, foolish sort of parent who went out of date with Mary Jane Holmes! Because if you do, dear, I'll simply have to do without you! Don't make me!" she whispered just like the little Althea who in the early days of his widowhood he had himself put to bed.

They looked down on Tom, who was dancing now with a well-known leader of society.

"Tell me about that scoundrel," he said in a thick, sullen, and yet yielding tone.

"Oh, I'll tell you of that lion heart!" said Althea with such love it somehow shook the old man's heart and made him look sharply at her. "For nearly a year Tom has been privately teaching the new dances. That's what he was doing at Newport this summer. He's kept it up all this autumn. At last this place was offered him—fifty dollars a night. Refuse it? He grabbed it! Poor dear, he's nearly worn out. But the end's in sight. So dad, if you won't be sweet—and I know you will!—we'll have enough after Tom is graduated to go to the Surrey cottage—he to write his plays there—and I to keep his house and be his wife and helper. Now—" said Althea softly but with a conclusiveness that had a touch of eternity in it; "that's all there is to it!"

"I guess I'm out of date," said Mr. Pevvin, and he stood up. "You win! Now I'll go down and make that young man stop that infernal twirling. If I've got to stand him for life then he'll cut out this dancing. He'll walk in future, like a human biped—not hop like a toad."

His look had fury in it as he went after Tom, and happiness sang in Althea's heart. She hung over the rail, watching, until the radiant moment when

her lover's young, worn face with its dauntless smile looked up at her.

She saw her father speak to Tom—but briefly. The tango had suddenly commenced and its first strains were as irresistible as the music of the Pied Piper to the streams of wonder-struck children. After the briefest pause it hooked Mr. Pevvin, together with one of Althea's Boston girl friends, into its seductive lift. The picture was presented of a corpulent, dignified gentleman posing airily on one toe like a huge canary, after which he slid a bit, then made a right angle of his leg so that his knee cap almost touched the floor.

And the wonder was that he could do it! He threw a shame-faced glance up at Althea, but not for a second did he falter. She knew he could not. The music would not let him. That was a way it had.

Tom came up for her. He was too tired to talk, but they danced into a leafy corner that he knew about. There they sat down, brains quiet, feet quiet, but hearts beating hard, while their arms slipped about each other and the music that had made their happiness possible went on—throbbing, laughing, purring—holding its followers by its witchery.

"Ah, Tom," said Althea, "how you've fought for me! Long ago knights slashed for love with naked swords. You've danced for it. And it's just the same thing!"

"Right—oh!" said tired, happy Tom. "You have to take your time as you find it. I'm a knight-errant of to-day. I'd rather have broken a lance for you—and it would have been a good sight easier, let me tell you. But, as the world after centuries of apathy made up its mind it wanted to dance, I had to help along that way, no sword in my hand, but my heart in my feet. Every one-step meant—you. Every heel pat in the maxixe meant the Surrey cottage and the poppy garden." He gave his undimmed, invincible grin. "But you watch me sit for the next five years!"



# 1915

Ole Time's got down his year book  
An' he's turnin' pages fast,  
An' on each he writes our record,  
As it goes a-whirlin' past.  
So let's make each day a "New Years"  
An' resolve the world shall be  
A little bit the brighter  
For a-knowin' you an' me.  
May our ev'nin' pipes be sweeter  
For some word o' cheer we've spoke  
An' the mem'ry of some kindness  
Add a fragrance to the smoke.

*Velvet Joe*

**RESOLVED:**—that today and tomorrow and all the tomorrows after, the cheer of our morning pipes shall go with us throughout the day:—

that our good will towards our fellow men be as the friendliness that Mother Nature instilled into her favored pipe tobacco—Kentucky's **Burley de Luxe**:—

that our words and deeds be gentle as the aged-in-the-wood mellowness that **VELVET**, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, puts into our pipes:—

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Occupation.....

30,000 hickory wheels, each one made by experts.

There were many other large items in this cost account. The electrical goods alone amounted to \$500,000. Pittsburgh, Schenectady, and St. Louis remove their hats respectfully when they speak of the automobile business. Screw makers, spring makers, and sheet-steel rollers drew down \$315,000. Gasket makers, fiber makers, linoleum and leather manufacturers got \$200,000. Manufacturers of top material got \$175,000. Radiator builders and tool makers got \$200,000. Makers of ball and roller bearings were \$350,000 richer at the end of the year. Brass and aluminum casters got the same amount. All in all, in its own factory this one company contributed to other factories throughout the United States the neat little sum of \$5,197,787. It kept 3,000 men busy in Detroit building automobiles—and twice as many busy in other parts of the country preparing the material for them.

The industry itself employs possibly 125,000 men—two-thirds of them being in Detroit—and in value of goods produced it ranks tenth among the industries of the United States—ahead of woollens, tobacco, bread, women's clothing, and blast furnaces. But to keep these 125,000 men busy putting automobiles together almost three times as many men are employed in other industries. The producing of a thousand trifles in 500,000 lots has kept 300,000 men in this country busy in the copper mills, the brass foundries, the steel mills, the leather and fabric factories, the plating works, the pumice stone, sandpaper and brush factories, the paint, oil, and varnish industries, the babbitt metal, brake lining, art glass and linoleum mills, and innumerable other branches of industry.

And of course back of all these we have the original producers, the diggers in the iron mines, the cowboys of Texas, the petroleum men, the blast furnace brigade, the corn raisers of Illinois who get in on the celluloid business, the turpentine tappers, the goat's-hair producers, the lumber men, and even the tortoise shell workers who make goggles.

All of this leads naturally to the question, "Where does the dollar go?" In this case where does the \$1,000 go—for \$1,000 is the unit of expense in the automobile business. A Detroit manufacturer answered this question for me.

"Take a car costing \$1,000, which is the average," he said. "On that car perhaps \$200 will go for factory and labor expense; \$500 will go for materials produced by other factories; \$200 will go for selling costs—represented in commissions; advertising will be \$25; organization, laboratory, executive, and designing \$25, and profit \$5. In many instances 5 per cent is the manufacturer's profit on each car sold."

Still, we need not pity the automobile manufacturer because he makes only a paltry 5 per cent on his completed car. That means \$50 on a \$1,000 car. Turn on that multiplication wizard again and let's see what a multiplier says 20,000 does to a profit of \$50!

Altogether it appears that the business of manufacturing automobiles has kept between 400,000 and 500,000 men busy in a year when other trades were languishing. But so far we have only accounted for two items in the division of the \$1,000—factory costs and the purchasing account.

There is the dealer's little profit of \$200 per car. What does that mean? In the first place it means about 200,000 cars of automobiles hauled from the factories to the agencies. And automobile freights are the richest pickings in the railroad business. The railroad men have been weeping on the collars of the public for several years, but none of their tears have been caused by the automobile business. Add the 100,000 cars, more or less, of raw material hauled into the factories and it will be seen that out of the maker's expenses and the dealer's profit have come perhaps the precarious margin of freight business necessary to keep one or more railroads from the receiver's hands.

### What the Trade Spends

**BUT** how about the dealer himself? In 1914 there were over 20,000 of him. He employed in salesmen, repair men, drivers, demonstrators, and others twice as many additional citizens who were thereby kept from elbowing their way into the bread line. He supported almost as many men last year as the flour-milling industry, more than the blast furnaces of the country, and twice as many as the butter and cheese makers. The automobile dealer is an important

## First Aid to Our Injured Industries

(Concluded from page 20)

factor in the business life of the average American community.

It will doubtless be a shock to the reader who has perused automobile advertisements in everything from religious to sporting publications to learn that the advertising appropriation of the average automobile company is a very small part of its expense. The greatest company in the world is said to spend three-fourths of 1 per cent of its annual receipts on advertising. Another company has laid out 2½ per cent of its next year's business in an advertising campaign. But, again, the multiplying legerdemain transforms these modest per cents into enormous sums of money. The company which spends 2½ per cent has appropriated \$1,500,000. Automobile advertising has helped pay the cost of every newspaper and magazine which the American public reads.

Take it by and large, hither and yon, and all around, that \$500,000,000 which the automobile factories of the country kick into the general circulation each year has been a mighty contribution to American prosperity.

"Is that all?" you ask, rather impatiently, for you have to run downtown and buy a little denatured alcohol to put in your radiator for winter running. Bless you, no. We've been playing a piker's game so far—multiplying things by 500,000. Now let's use 1,500,000 for the multiplier and produce a few really stunning effects. That 1,500,000 represents the number of automobiles at present trying to conform to the speed regulations in the United States and the number of owners who are making little purchases of American-made goods now and then in order to drive their cars with more comfort and pleasure.

### Pliers (and Multi-pliers)

**TAKE** the matter of pliers, for instance. A pliers is a small instrument with a pair of jaws, a handle, and a wandering disposition. It is indispensable in the proper operation of an automobile. It is also the hardest thing in the world to keep. The car owner lays a pair of pliers down on top of his tool box and drives merrily on a few minutes later, thus shaking said pliers off into the opaque unknown. This is not important. A lost pliers causes no more than a few regrettable words, a trip to the supply store, and the expenditure of a quarter. It is the least of all the automobilist's troubles. Certainly the elusive automobile pliers has no part in our great national fabric of prosperity.

Hold on. One pliers is nothing. But there are no ones in the automobile game. Get out your tablet and multiply that pliers by 1,500,000. What is the answer? It is stunning. A million and a half automobiles are industriously scattering pliers over the roads of this country. Losing pliers is one of the great American pastimes to-day. In ten years the highways of the land will assay a ton of rusted and useless pliers to the mile. And what do 1,500,000 pliers annually mean? A business of possibly \$100,000 a year to some tool manufacturer who ten years ago was repairing bicycles in a shop as large as a piano box. That means employment, in one way and another, for perhaps a hundred men who didn't lay off during the late unpleasantness, because panics and wars may come and go but men will continue to lose pliers forever. Hundreds of American citizens, some of them with large families, are kept prosperous by the pliers business. That's multiplication's work.

Let us consider tires. One set of tires per year is a safe calculation for a car. Some owners get along two years with a set and some two weeks. But a set for each 4,000 miles is about the average. That one set of tires becomes 6,000,000 tires for the automobile users of the country. Multiply that by \$15, about the average cost of a tire, and gaze upon \$90,000,000 worth of business contributed to American factories.

The prudent automobile owner builds his own garage and blows in perhaps \$150 on an average. I wish to state right here that no man on earth has ever accumulated the absolute figures on all this automobile business. They have swelled so fast that by the time accurate estimates are arrived at they are entirely out of date. I have the production figures of the American Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers, plus the outside concerns, and based on them I am making my estimates, but I do not pretend that my conclusions are ac-

curate. They are only underestimates for next year.

To resume. The automobile owner calls on the carpenter, the brick mason and the cement-floor layer and contributes \$150 to the building business. How many of them do this each year I do not know. But enough of them do to make a big bulge in the building permit figures of every city. Millions get started toward the grocer and shoe dealer via the garage-building route.

Perhaps the oil kings don't need the automobile business but "them as has gits," and the oil kings are no exception. They have gotten so much business that it has embarrassed them. No one can rightly estimate the amount of gasoline and lubricating oil consumed in the automobiles of the country. It all helps.

One hundred thousand men make their living driving commercial vehicles. That is the number of commercial vehicles operating at present. Another 175,000 were licensed in 1914 to drive pleasure cars for hire. The number of garages listed in the United States last year was 15,000. From 50,000 to 100,000 men and boys get their living from these garages, though in a way this is a duplication of the agent's list mentioned before, since almost all garage keepers are also agents. But when you have added chauffeurs, repair men, cleaners, and garage keepers together in one resounding total, you have enough men to make the regular army of the United States look like a ward meeting.

We haven't yet touched on the subject of supplies. The automobile owner is kind to himself. He likes to buy warm robes, goggles, dash clocks, electric starters, primers, labor-saving tire tools, new and fancy noises produced by horns, and a myriad of other articles. In a recent number of an automobile trade publication, 700 makers of automobile accessories had advertisements. Each advertisement represented a factory. Some of these factories consist of the inventor and a boy. Some employ thousands of men. As I have said, no figures are available on the amount of money which the 1,500,000 automobile users slip into circulation each year. Let us put the average cost of running and upkeep at \$200 a year. That is a modest figure—less than the cost of boarding a horse at a livery stable. Yet when it is multiplied in the proper and correct manner it produces \$300,000,000—and this is probably under the mark.

Now, having surrounded my subject from all sides, I wish to wade fearlessly in and grasp it by the throat. What does the automobile mean to the business of America? It seems to mean between \$800,000,000 and a billion dollars spent each year, largely on labor, the employment in all branches and ramifications of between 750,000 and 1,000,000 men and the maintenance of growing industries in all parts of this country not only in boom times but in times of depression.

### Still Going Strong

**EACH** year the wise ones have said: "The business has been overdone. It can't last." Each year the automobile business has answered by a vast increase. The export business last year was greater than the whole business ten years ago. Each year the commercial car business leaps violently. There were 100,000 in use last year. Upward of another 100,000 will be built this year. In addition there were probably 250,000 cars used in profitable ways by doctors, city salesmen, liverymen, traveling men, farmers, and others. Having added an hour in the day to the time of its user and having made his legs long enough to cover 200 miles between sleeps, the automobile has become not only a necessity but indispensable.

America, which makes cars so cheaply that the starvation-waged workmen of Europe cannot compete in any way with our light cars, will some day sell the outside world as many cars a year as we made in 1914. And there is no reason to believe that we Americans will abate from the buying of seven-league boots and extra hours. And so what will become of these figures of ours in another few years? I am no great shakes as a prophet, having declared that the Progressive party would carry Illinois in 1914, but I'll hazard at least a guess. You may multiply them all by 2 for 1920.

**Correction.**—All these painfully compiled multiplications are now out of date. The "Scientific American" has just computed the number of automobiles now in use in this country at 1,750,000, with December yet to hear from.



until Anita warned her that she would have to hurry. When she began to dress she was so clumsy that Anita had to call in Sissy after all, and herself dashed downstairs to be sure that all was going well there. Gilbert came half a dozen times to the door to see if he could do anything for her. Mammy Kate came and insisted that she should be allowed to put on the veil for her own baby. She did it blunderingly, and with tears. Sissy entered with the bridal bouquet Rhodes had sent, and when Barbara had taken it, the maid looked at her with breathless ecstasy.

"Oh, Miss Barbara, you sho' is the beautifullest bride," she cried; "Marse Huntley Rhodes will think you is sugar and try to eat you."

Anita came in, all ready, fussily drove the servants from the room, and fussily rearranged Barbara's veil.

"You'll have fifteen minutes to yourself, honey, before Gilbert comes for you. I've brought you your mother's prayer book."

Barbara took the ivory-bound prayer book; she had never handled it before, for her mother had kept it laid away. Anita hurried out, and then Gilbert came in. He locked the door after him, and when he turned around she saw that he was crying. Round, fat tears were coursing down his cheeks, and his lips were working. "Brother, don't," she cried.

"The last thing mother said to me," Gilbert muttered, "was: 'Take care of my baby.'"

"So you have," Barbara cried. "You've been the best brother in the world." She wiped his eyes with her handkerchief. "There! You've made my lovely lace handkerchief all wet, and they'll think I've been crying. I don't feel a bit like crying, brother."

She drew Gilbert to a seat beside her and held his hand while he drew long sobbing breaths. Her one concern was to get his face composed before they should go downstairs. She had almost forgotten what they were going downstairs for. She heard Anita coming along the hallway, and she sprang to the door and unlocked it. Anita entered with a suspicious look at Gilbert.

"Oh, here you are! I've been looking for you everywhere. Everybody's come, and the minister is in his surplice. And what do you reckon? Mrs. Langrel has offered to play the Wedding March; I didn't even suppose she'd come. She hasn't been to my house since she heard her boy had died. Stephen brought her. So you can come downstairs to music, Barbara. Gilbert, I reckon you-all can start in five minutes. But, mind you, stand at the head of the stairs till the music begins."

Anita bustled out. Gilbert crossed to the mirror and straightened his tie. Barbara put a touch of powder on his shining nose and shook out her veil.

"Roses, prayer book, handkerchief," she said; "I reckon I've got everything. Let me take your arm, brother; maybe we ought to have practiced going downstairs. Do you think the five minutes are up? I'd as soon wait at the head of the stairs anyway."

They went into the hall. Barbara had the feeling that Gilbert was clinging to her rather than she to Gilbert. As she stood at the head of the stairs she got a glimpse into the drawing room. Little red-lipped, black-browed Mary Thornton stood at the door. People were sitting there much as they sat in church, only it was not quite so subdued, she thought. Then the music sounded, and she began to walk downstairs rather disturbed for fear her train would catch on the stair rods. She reached the drawing-room door and saw that the room was full—much fuller than church. People whom she scarcely knew must be there.

UP in front of the long windows was an arch of white chrysanthemums, and hanging from it the bell the clergyman's wife had made. It was the least bit crooked, and it did not appear to be strongly affixed. The clergyman was standing under it, and at one side was Huntley Rhodes. Barbara knew that he saw only her; his eyes measured her footsteps. But she kept thinking of the wedding bell, and wondering if it would fall on her head.

She stood before the clergyman; Rhodes stepped beside her, and Gilbert gave back a pace. She began to wonder how she could hold the roses and prayer book in one hand when the ring had to be put on. The clergyman began to speak, and she gave a little start, because the words he was saying were not the words he used in church. She stared, listening, until she heard the clergyman's voice ceasing, to be followed by that of Rhodes, say-

## Barbara's Marriages

(Continued from page 17)

ing in a deeper tone than usual: "I will." Presently she heard some one whom she did not really think was Barbara Langworthy saying, "I will," and then repeating after the clergyman: "I, Barbara, take thee, Huntley, for my lawful husband—death us do part." She was uncertainly holding the roses and the prayer book in her right hand while Rhodes was putting a ring on her wedding finger. The trouble she had with the contents of her right hand made her think of the wedding bell again. She gave it a hasty glance; it certainly was perilously swaying. Was it time to kneel down? And now Rhodes was getting up; he was kissing her; Gilbert and Anita were kissing her. The clergyman who had christened and confirmed her and buried so many dear to her kissed her cheek and said: "I wish you all joy, Mrs. Rhodes—my dear Miss Barbara!" Little Barbara Langworthy was Mrs. Rhodes. Little Barbara Langworthy was married.

BARBARA stood beside Rhodes under the wedding bell, receiving the good wishes of their friends. She had forgotten all about the wedding bell until Rhodes whispered to her to thank the clergyman's wife for making it. She stood there gravely smiling, saying the right things, and all the time counting—counting the number of people present, those who had come to speak to her, those who were still to come, those who had already gone to the dining room for the informal breakfast. She felt a strange sense of haste, as if she had a great deal to do in a very short time. Gilbert kept drifting back to her every few minutes, to ask if she were tired, or if he could do anything for her, and to assure her that she could soon have something to eat. Gilbert had somehow become obsessed with the idea that Barbara required food. He reported again and again that Anita was getting people into the dining room, and he did this so indefatigably that the guests who heard him cut short their good wishes under the impression that Barbara had been fasting according to some high-church scruple, and needed immediate succor.

Rhodes was at his best, happy, but not too jaunty, talkative, careful of Barbara, already protecting her, she felt. He took her to the dining room and she cut the bridal cake. For all Gilbert's solicitude, she ate very little and was very white. Rhodes responded to toasts, made a proper speech, and, she recognized, was all that a bridegroom should be. But Barbara could not realize that he was the man with whom she was presently going away. After what seemed a very long time, Anita whispered to her: "Huntley ordered the motor for half past two. You'd better slip away as soon as you can. I'll come up and help you if you need me."

Barbara went upstairs. Some one ran after her with her bridal bouquet, warning her, laughingly, that she must not forget to throw it as she came down. She passed into her own room and sat at the window. She could hear the movements of the horses being harnessed by Uncle Thias, to take the guests home again. She could see Mammy Kate and her helpers carrying away the dishes from the dining room across the little court to the kitchen, which was full of negroes come to share in the remnants of the wedding feast. Two or three of them were singing a plaintive melody, a song of parting, and she remembered having heard it when Gilbert was married.

The door opened suddenly, and Barbara blanched and sprang to her feet. It was Anita, who laughed uneasily at the girl's terrified face.

"What's the matter, honey? Did I scare you? I forgot to knock. Lawdy me, child, you've not even got your veil off!"

Barbara still stared at her, white and trembling.

"Whatever is the matter, Barbara?" Anita said, a little impatiently. "You mustn't get hysterical, you know, and do anything absurd before all these people, waiting to see you off."

She began to undo Barbara's veil. The girl submitted passively. When Anita had unhooked her dress she stepped out of it. Her arms, as Anita inadvertently touched them, were cold, and she still trembled. Anita helped her silently, looking at her fleetingly now and again. When Barbara was putting on her traveling dress, Anita said: "Oh, I do wish it were this time three months; then you'd feel so different."

Barbara made no reply, and Anita

went on in a worried, embarrassed tone.

"I believe, perhaps, I know what's the matter, Barbara. But there's nothing to be afraid of in—marriage. There aren't any—horrors, even for such a young girl as you. Any girl who is married to a gentleman who loves her has nothing to be afraid of in marriage. After you get used to it, it is just like any other fact—food or drink, sunshine or rain."

Barbara, still trembling, went to the mirror and began to put on her hat, making stumbling, ineffective stabs with the pins. "I do wish I were your mother for five minutes, child," Anita said with real concern. "Then I could make you know you have nothing to fear."

She paused, and then said: "Let me hold your coat for you, honey, and put on your gloves. It was a lovely breakfast, wasn't it? Everybody had a good time at your wedding. Now just pull yourself together till you get into the car. Then you'll have a long ride in this nice air, in which to compose yourself."

Barbara drew on her gloves and smiled faintly. "I reckon I'm tired, Sister Anita," she said. "The breakfast lasted so long, and I never did get so tired of speech making in my life."

"There, you're looking like a real somebody now. Don't forget your hand bag. Gilbert's got your dress-suit case in the car already, and your trunk went by train this morning. Law, honey, don't forget the bouquet; you have to throw it when you're halfway downstairs."

Anita pushed her gently out of the room. Barbara turned back on the threshold; always she had hated the ugly yellow walls, the staring valance of the bed, but now she dreaded to leave them. Here was a place where she could always lock the door and be alone, and now she could never again lock her door. Anita preceded her down the hall and knocked at the room where Rhodes had gone to dress. "All ready, Huntley," she called. Then she added to Barbara: "I'm going to slip down the back way, so as to get a good view of you."

Barbara stood alone in the hall. She heard Rhodes coming, and she turned to smile up at him tremblingly.

"Barbara!" he cried. "How matronly my little wife looks already! You're five years older than you were in white!"

She submitted to his embrace, and he asked: "Are you tired, darling?"

"Not very," she said. "Are you?"

"I—oh, I never felt so fit in my life. I feel as if I wanted to get on the roof of the world and shout."

She felt vaguely afraid of his emotion, and she dropped her eyes and said: "I reckon we'd better go down."

"Quite so, dearest. Put your arm in mine; we've got to make this trip together—and every other, sweetheart, every other."

THEY began their quick walk downstairs, and the waiting faces below them broke into smiles. Nearly all middle-aged faces, Barbara thought, and perhaps they were trying to be just as brave as she was. "They've got their hands full of rice," Rhodes whispered. "Better get your own hands free, darling. Give me that pocketbook thing of yours, and throw the bouquet."

Barbara noted where the two or three girls who were present were standing and threw the bouquet in their direction. There was a laugh when little Mary Thornton caught it. They rushed the rest of the way downstairs and to the front door in a shower of rice. Rhodes guarding her face with his arm. The servants were on the drive, laden with old shoes, laughing and crying and calling to Barbara. Gilbert stood by the motor car. Barbara broke away from Rhodes and clung to her brother.

"Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert, come with me!" she cried. "I can't go alone; I can't."

Rhodes's face paled. Then he took Barbara from her brother and put her gently in the car.

"Don't be afraid, my darling. He shall come," he said. Then he spoke to Gilbert: "Get in, old fellow, and drive a bit with us." To the guests on the steps he added: "Anyone want to drive a mile?"

"No," some one shouted laughingly as Gilbert got in. "Get out, Langworthy; no fair tagging the bridal couple."

"Lean out, Barbara, and tell them good-by," Rhodes said.

Barbara leaned forward and smiled and waved her hands. For a moment she saw nothing but the crowd of smiling faces on the steps. Then her gaze concentrated on Anita's face, hard and baleful. "Good-by, all," shouted Rhodes. "For Heaven's sake, have pity on the veneer of the car!"

## Will You Be Like This Scotchman Mr. Pipe Smoker?

His nephew took him to the races and persuaded him to bet a shilling on a long shot horse that won. When the bookmaker handed Sandy sixteen shillings as his winnings, the old man turned to his nephew and in a dazed voice said, "Tell me, lad, how long has this thing been going on?"

Sir, if you do not smoke Edgeworth until some friend happens to offer you some, you may wait a long while for a great pleasure. You may wonder as you taste your first pipeful how you have smoked for years and never smoked Edgeworth. You may ask, "How long has tobacco so good been on the market?"

We say you may, because the chances are you are thinking you would do no such thing.

But just try smoking a little Edgeworth in your pipe and note how it warms up to the new tobacco. We wouldn't ask you to try Edgeworth without doing a little something on our part to make the trial easy. We are desirous of sending you a package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed Smoking Tobacco Free.

The risk in smoking Edgeworth is all taken out by an unpatented process.

You risk nothing the first time you smoke it because you can get free a package containing a sample so big that after you are through smoking it you have no doubts as to whether you want more or not.

And there's no risk about buying Edgeworth, because every package sold is unqualifiedly guaranteed.

We don't want any man ever to feel that he risks anything when he buys Edgeworth.

Our confidence in Edgeworth is supported by the great number of smokers who cling to it. Doesn't this confidence bespeak a trial of Edgeworth by you?

Write to us for the Sample Package. Ask any dealer when you want to buy.

The original Edgeworth was a Plug Slice wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin. Edgeworth now comes also in Ready-Rubbed that may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere and in handsome \$1.00 humidor packages. Edgeworth Plug Slice, 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Mailed prepaid if your dealer has none.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at the same price you would pay jobber.



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## GREAT WHITE FLEET

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white as a swan—  
our home for two weeks"

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Havana, the beautiful; Jamaica, "Land of Smiling Summer"; the Panama Canal; the romantic byways of the Spanish Main—you can enjoy them all in the wonderful ships of the GREAT WHITE FLEET, built especially for tropical travel.

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"MODERN METHODS are direct and open  
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The days of mystery and indirection have slipped  
into the limbo of things that are past. There isn't a  
single pair of gum shoes in the modern business house."

## "Better Business"

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Please send me your book,  
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Title

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Address

There was a shout of farewell, a shower of rice and shoes, and the car darted down the drive. Barbara Rhodes had set out on her wedding journey.

She leaned back in a corner, clinging tightly to her brother's hand. Rhodes sat on one of the chairs in front of her, his eyes fixed steadily on the chauffeur's broad back. It was not so that he had expected to begin his married life. Gilbert looked uneasily at the floor of the car, coughing occasionally in an embarrassed way. Slowly Barbara sat forward and put her hand on her husband's arm. "Huntley," she said.

It was the first time she had called Rhodes by his Christian name. He swung round in his seat and faced her.

"Yes, dear?" he said.

"Huntley, you are so good to me, my—my dear," Barbara said. "Any other man in the world would have picked me up bodily and put me in the car, and slapped my hands, and pitched Gilbert on the steps." Gilbert laughed uncertainly.

"It's just that I've never left home before," Barbara said, "and I got afraid. But we'll drop brother at—at Charlottesville and let him ride home on the train."

Rhodes's pain lightened; he spoke quietly: "Of course, dear, I understand. But we needn't drop Gilbert at Charlottesville unless to send a telegram to Anita. Why shouldn't he come with us to Rives Ferry and stop a day or two? Would you like that, dear?"

"Truly, it's not at all necessary," Barbara said. But Rhodes knew that she wanted her brother.

"Why shouldn't you come, Gilbert? I remember hearing that when my uncle married, his mother-in-law went with him and his wife on their wedding journey. Come on, be our mother-in-law. You'd like to spend a day or so in the house your mother was born in, wouldn't you?"

"I reckon I'd better not," hesitated Gilbert.

"I'd like to have brother with us, Huntley," Barbara said. "I'd love to have him the first person to visit us after we were married. But it's all right if he has to go, because I feel ever and ever so much more married than I did when this car started."

Rhodes smiled back at her. She was a dear child, and she was fond of him. Give him time and he would take Gilbert's place with her, and give him more time and she would learn to look on him really as a husband.

"We've got to have Gilbert," he said. "I promised you we'd have lots of guests, and why shouldn't we begin at once?"

"Come along back here and sit with us," Barbara said with a pretty air of command. "No, not by brother; between brother and me."

Rhodes sat as she appointed, and she leaned her head against his sleeve and whispered shyly: "Quite comfy?"

"Quite comfy," he said.

Life seemed a much better thing to both of them than it had promised five minutes before. They reached Charlottesville, where Gilbert spent several

minutes sending a telegram which should advise Anita where he was, but prevent neighborhood gossip from finding out. While he was gone Barbara talked easily and cheerfully to Rhodes, telling him the way she had felt about the crooked wedding bell and what she thought of his toasts. Then they rolled on through country not familiar to Barbara. Her husband and brother kept pointing out places which had figured in the history of both of them, and so the time went quickly enough till it was dark. After that the two men made conversation about the places they were passing but could not see. At six o'clock they arrived at Rives Ferry, and, passing through the town, they came to the dark outlines of a park. They swept up a magnificent driveway and reached suddenly a long, low house blazing with light.

"Oh," Barbara said, "it looks like home; it's so much nicer than a hotel; my own mother's first home! Thank you so much, Huntley, for coming here!"

THE door opened, and they were received by an old colored couple who had known Mrs. Langworthy when she was a child. The old woman led Barbara upstairs to a room all white and lavender, with a fire burning on the hearth and with bowls of roses in every available space.

"Ole Miss Barbara's mammy, yo' grandmammy, she sleep here," the old woman said; "and next to it is a dressin' room where yo' grandpappy dressed hisse'f and shaved. I done tote his shavin' water. He sleep in the room next the dressin' room, where Mist' Rhodes is puttin' his things now."

Barbara bent down to the fire and warmed her hands, suddenly cold. "Where did my mother sleep?" she asked.

"Miss Barbara, she sleep here, too, when yo' grandpappy was died. You-all come down to supper pretty soon, honey," the old woman said, shuffling out of the room. Barbara's trunk had been unpacked and her clothes hung in the old-fashioned press. She chose a blue gown which Rhodes had admired. When she was dressed she sat down in front of the fire and tried to picture her mother as a young girl. Presently a knock sounded on the dressing-room door, and Barbara started to her feet.

"Come—come in," she said unsteadily. Rhodes entered, dressed for dinner. He held a key in his hand.

"Here, dearest," he said, "is the key to the dressing room."

Barbara took the key and turned away from him and stared into the fire.

"You've got on my favorite dress," he went on. "Thank you, dear."

Barbara suddenly ran to him and took his hand between her own. "Huntley, dear," she said, "I do think you are the very sweetest person in the world."

"I want you to be happy and free—free, my darling," he said.

"Please kiss me," Barbara said. "I've never asked you for a kiss before."

(To be continued next week)

## Behind the Battle Front

(Continued from page 9)

a trouble maker. But as he stood there, bundled up in his overcoat and cap, in that chilly lodging-house room, witty, unsubdued, full of fight and of charm, he seemed to stand for that wonderful French spirit—for its ardor and penetration, its fusion of sense and sensibility, its tireless intelligence and unquenchable fire.

Monday.

The Consul of Cognac! It sounded like a musical comedy when we met on the steamer last August; not quite so odd when we bumped into each other in Bordeaux the other day. And now it appears that it means, in addition to being a studious and well-informed young University of Virginia man, thoroughly acquainted with the people he has to deal with, living in a charming old town where the towers of Francis the First's castle still stand, rowing on a charming old river in the summer, and in these days hearing a charming old French gentleman, Vice Consul, tell how he fought against the Prussians in '70.

Cognac is a real place, it appears—an old town of 20,000 people or so, and it is really where cognac comes from, all other brandies being, of course, as one will learn here, mere upstart *cous-de-vie*. We went through some of the cellars to-day, as venerable and vast as the claret cellars in Bordeaux, although not quite as interesting perhaps, because not so "alive." For wine is a living thing, as the man said in Bordeaux, and it must be ignobly

hotted and destroyed before turning into a distilled spirit. To some this pale spiritual essence may possess a finer poetry—the *cavea* are more fragrant at any rate.

All the young men had gone to the front—their wages continued as usual—and the work was carried on by women and old servants, scarcely one of the latter under seventy. They were pointed out as examples of the beneficent effect of the true cognac—these old *bons enfants* who had inhaled the slightly pungent fragrance of the cellars and bottling rooms all their lives. You get this perfume all over Cognac. It comes wandering down old alleyways, out from under dark arches, people live literally in a fine mist of it. The very stones are turned black by the faint fumes.

There must be scores of towns south of Paris which look more or less like this—the young men gone or drilling in the neighborhood, the schools turned into hospitals, the little old provincial hotels sheltering families fled from Paris. There are several such at our hotel, nice, comfortable people—you might think you were in some semisummer resort hotel at home—Ridgefield, Conn., for instance, in winter time.

The making of cognac occupies nearly everyone, one way or another, and it has made the place next to the richest town of its size in France. They make the cognac and they make the bottles for it in a glass factory on a hill overlooking



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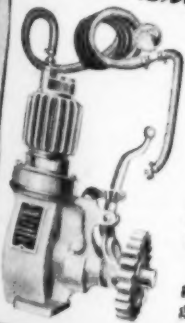
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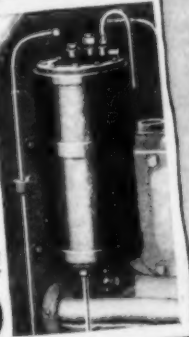
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the town—about as airy and pleasant a  
place for a factory as one could imagine.  
The molten glass is poured in molds, the  
molds closed—*poat!* a stream of com-  
pressed air turned in, the bottles blown,  
and there you are—a score or so of them  
turned out every minute. As we came out  
of the furnace room into the chilly after-  
noon a regiment of reservists tramped in  
from a practice march in the country.  
Some were young fellows, wearing uni-  
forms for the first time apparently; some  
looked like convalescents drafted back  
into the army. They took one road and  
we another, and half an hour later swung  
down the main street of Cognac behind  
a chorus of shrilling bugles. All over  
France, south of Paris, they must be  
marching like this these frosty afternoons.

Coming up from Bordeaux the other  
night we missed the regular connection  
and had to spend the night at Saintes.  
The tall, quizzical, rather grim old land-  
lady of the neat little Hôtel de la Gare  
—characteristic of that rugged France  
which tourists who only see a few streets  
in Paris know little about—was plainly  
puzzled. There we were, two able-bodied  
men, and P— saying nothing about  
being consul, merely remarked that he  
lived in Cognac. "In Cognac!" the old  
woman repeated, looking from one to the

other, and then added, as one putting an  
unanswerable question: "But you are not  
soldiers?"

We went out for a walk in the frosty  
air before turning in. There was scarce  
a soul in the streets, but at the other end  
of the town a handful of young fellows  
passed on the other side singing. They  
were boys of the 1915 class who had been  
called out and in a few days would be  
getting ready for war. In Paris you will  
see young fellows just like them, deco-  
rated with flags and feathers, driving  
round town in rattletrap wagons like  
picnic parties returning on a summer  
night at home. Arm in arm and keep-  
ing step, these boys of Saintes were  
singing as they marched:

"Il est rouge et noir et blanc,  
Et fondu au derrière—à."

"He's red, white, and black,  
And split up the back!"

They saw themselves, doubtless, march-  
ing down the streets of Berlin as now  
they were marching down the streets of  
Saintes—and they kept flinging back  
through the frosty dark:

"Il est rouge—et noir—et blanc—  
Et fondu—au derrière—à. . ."

## Colin McCabe: Renegade

(Continued from page 7)

"Why? Have you been bothering him?"  
she demanded.

"God, no!" swore Mr. Tom roundly,  
getting in a little bashfully then that he  
had never meant it when he had talked  
in that tomfool way about killing Mc-  
Cabe.

"He just hasn't been up street for two  
days," he explained. "That's all. Only  
you see—with that fiend of a nigger boss-  
ing him. Pleasure made trouble in the  
barroom, day before yesterday; insulted  
McCabe before everybody.

"Why, neither of 'em have been up  
street!" he burst out at last. "Do you  
suppose—"

"Come into the house," said my mother;  
and then when he was seated on our rag-  
gedy horsehair sofa: "Tell me," she in-  
sisted, "didn't some of you put Pleasure  
up to it? Janey didn't say a word; she  
was here this morning."

"For the mighty good reason that I  
didn't say a word to her," growled Mr.  
Tom, adding that he didn't want any  
more of his babies killed.

YOU knew one was coming—it was all  
talked about before you in such a  
sweet, simple way—and so you knew why  
your mammy's blue eyes filled with tears.  
"It wasn't all your rows, Tom," she  
choked. "Everything's been hard on our  
babies!" And she said, take heart,  
honey, and that all would be well—and  
what in the name of goodness had hap-  
pened in the barroom?

Still as mice, but with our hearts  
beating strangely, Davie and I sat while  
Mr. Tom told of the affair of the bar-  
room, the only public place outside of  
churches and the temperance hall for  
the meeting of Bramley's men.

Colin McCabe and Pleasure had come  
in as usual at five o'clock, and both had  
taken their usual vast potatoes, the  
negro standing somewhat away from the  
bar, as was right and proper, but mak-  
ing "faces" behind his master's back and  
exchanging whispers with a frolicsome  
young Democrat. Then all at once Colin  
McCabe had turned, and, like a man in  
his sleep, entered the back room in which  
the card players sat, coming toward them  
with his blue eyes wide open and as  
empty of thought as those of the dead.  
Straight to Mr. Tom he had gone, standing  
at his side in the old friendly way, and  
seeming to look down upon his cards.

"Ah," said my mother then, putting  
her hand against her bosom, and even to  
two foolish little children it seemed a bit-  
ter situation.

Mr. Tom leaned forward, shaking his  
handsome head. "God, it made me sick!  
But I knew I must keep cool, for there  
were the boys glaring at him like blood-  
thirsty tigers. Colin McCabe's a proud  
man, you know, prouder than any of us.  
It wouldn't do to try and make friends  
with him there—and you'd have to go  
after it mighty soft anywhere."

And he went on with the story.

As McCabe had stood there at his  
elbow, no more than a shell of a man, re-  
membering, maybe, a sweet spark of their  
long-ago friendship, Pleasure Bailey's  
damned impudence had come.

"Come along, McCabe," the negro had  
called; and twice again: "Come along,  
McCabe," adding a venomous "Damn  
you!" the last time.

"Come along, McCabe," repeated my  
mother blankly; "maybe that's the way  
he speaks to him at home; but no, he  
doesn't—I've asked the children a hun-  
dred times. What do you suppose was  
the matter with the nigger?"

"The old Satan, and wanting to please  
Democrats," said Mr. Tom, going on to  
tell how the great Radical had taken his  
servant's insolent summons.

"He seemed to wake up, battling those  
heavy eyelids for a minute; then white  
he was, sheet-white; then red, red as  
brick dust. At last he straightened up,  
squared himself and saluted us—saluted  
us!—and left."

"Not a man spoke."

Long the two sat there talking over  
the incident, Mr. Tom swearing in hearty  
familiar way that he would go over and  
kill the negro if it were necessary,  
though he'd rather not, of course, now  
the baby was coming and he was think-  
ing of joining the church.

"Bloodshed enough," cried my mother,  
laughing a little and pushing at Mr. Tom.  
But she had seen the round windows of  
the Painted Room lighted up, she de-  
clared directly—"last night and night be-  
fore; let's go and see." They got up  
and went to the other side of the house,  
and seemed much relieved to find the  
round windows shining again—shining  
like two great red moons through the  
shadows of the pine grove.

"I reckon he's just sobering up,"  
chuckled Mr. Tom. "He can do it, I tell  
you—better than any drunkard in Bram-  
ley Roads when he gets good and ready.  
He won't take it out of Pleasure; I  
reckon he won't. He's too useful to him."

And saying that it was none of our  
business anyway—McCabe might resent  
any interference—Mr. Tom went off.

But long after he had gone my mammy  
went to look at the round windows again,  
as if she were worried about something;  
and long after Davie and I were in our  
trundle beds, my little brother sat up  
suddenly and whispered:

"Did you tell mammy?"

"No," I whispered back.

We were jealous for the dignity of  
Colin McCabe. We had seen him come  
home on the very evening of which they  
had spoken, come at Pleasure's swag-  
gering black heels; come sobbing, sobbing!

Ah, you see, wise as we were, we did  
not know that somebody would have to  
pay when an insult, such as had passed  
in the barroom, was overheard by white  
men. The payment was that night.

THE wind was blowing still, blowing  
more wildly than ever when it came,  
the ding-donging of that brazen-clap-  
pered thing Davie and I called the run-  
away nigger bell, hanging in the middle  
of the town square on a high pole; it  
was the fire bell now.

"It's McCabe's house," came my  
mother's flurried voice. "Get up, babies!  
Hurry, hurry—dress! I must get  
things!"

Davie and I hurried, but the candle  
couldn't be found. Shoes and stockings  
slipped away; there were no little clothes,  
and bedquilts wouldn't stay on. You  
knew why it was afterward . . . because  
your heart was beating so hard . . .  
beating, beating.

So it was late when we got into the

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street, a little family of three, with the lady person carrying all that was precious to her: the Aunt Polly Crawford spoons, which were too old and worn to sell, and too blessed anyway, and some sweet-beatty-husband letters, and so on. The fire mightn't jump into the pine grove, but it might too, and there were generally black sneak thieves who harvested something from the fire nights. My mother always declared that she never minded when they took things to eat—the poor, ignorant black night birds, who were so useless to the Radical party (except at voting time) and so helpless with freedom. Ah me, ah me . . .

Out there in the black windiness of the road the fire engine had already passed—a precious thing of the hand-pumping sort, all shining brass and wreaths on practice days, and a sight as holy as the angels of God on fire nights. We had named it the Robert E. Lee, and neither Radicals nor Yankees could belong to the fire company, though both might help when the tight pinches came.

THE men, red-shirted on the practice days, and in any rag on the fire nights, were having a desperate time to get it over the bad clay road; clanking and straining and shouts and curses were filling the darkness, still as black as your pocket but for the glare of light, seen over your left shoulder through the pine grove, growing bigger, more glorious, more terrible every minute.

People you knew were all about you when you got through the big gate (the firemen had been surprised enough to find it unlocked) after the engine, which went with its gallant pumpers and volunteer helpers, good niggers, bad niggers, all sorts of white people, straight over flower beds, tearing away the bushes that had grown the spicy roses, breaking down the Cape jessamine bushes as tall as small trees.

People that you knew best of all were there in the garden directly: the ladies who had passed Colin McCabe in the streets with pulled-away skirts, so to speak; the ladies he had passed time and time again with the bad Radical stare, with all his distinction gone. Men were there you knew best, two or three like Tom Bramley, who had been disfranchised for too much zeal in Rebel days, and who were pitying him now, perhaps, just as Tom Bramley had pitied him. And men were there who had never pitied him, and never would pity him in this world or the next.

Plenty of white Radicals were there, too, all with fine beaver hats and kid gloves—but who cared about them! They had only been Colin McCabe's tools, never his intimates in any way.

"Oh," my mammy would say when she spoke of that, "he certainly came from mighty good stock!"

It was the fashion to go to fires in Bramley Roads—something of a Christian duty, too—so the best people of the town were there at Colin McCabe's; and thus when you were little and foolish you didn't think of anything sometimes but the wild pictures and the nods and howlys of such exciting occasions.

But I remembered the master directly, the man in whose bosom I had nestled.

The firemen couldn't get into the Painted Room for something they wanted . . . choked with smoke, fighting them all by minutes, falling to his knees, screaming like a madman, there was Tom Bramley trying hard to do it.

Then I heard a voice speaking, a man's voice, tense and full of horror: *murder had been done, murder and suicide*. . . I thought of the ladies, the lovely ladies and winged children on the dining-room ceiling—they had seen it all, when Colin McCabe had killed Pleasure Bailey and killed himself!

For it was there in the Painted Room he had posed his fearful tableau; there at the head of his great table he sat—a table decked as for a banquet, sweet with flowers, gleaming with lighted candles; he sat as the master of the house should sit—with the pistol still in his dead hand! On the floor at the other end of the table, clutching the dragged cloth, lay Pleasure Bailey, with the wreck of a loaded waiter about him,

his house-boy napkin over his arm, the bullet between his eyes.

Tom Bramley had seen it all, poor Tom Bramley who had been Colin McCabe's friend, and was fool crazy now; bawling out to everybody that it had all been for us—the "fancy fixings" of the dreadful scene. "The fire was an accident," the speaker blurted on. "Pleasure grabbed the tablecloth—the gate was unlocked—he was inviting us to come in!"

"By God he was," broke in another voice. "It was for us, that whole show—for all the Democrats in this town: for barroom loafers and ladies and gentlemen—for every damned soul that ever looked down on him!"

Then and there one mystery was settled—settled for all time. The whole thing of the Painted Room, the beauty, the dreadful death, had been Colin McCabe's way of righting himself in the eyes of this little world: his way of wiping out the barroom insult and so proving himself a man and gentleman; his terrible Southern way of showing *who* had been master in his grand home.

He "always did cut off his bread in big chunks," came presently with something like admiration. "Pretty fool of us not to know he'd be game."

Somebody told his age—thirty-six.

"Thirty-six!" repeated a voice. "Lord Jesus! Think of being in there!"

Then back to the burning house they went, good patriots all of them, every man a hater of Colin McCabe.

Madder and madder had grown the flames; and now far and faint and sweet came the notes of the Yankee bugle, calling:

"Do you want us? Do you want us?" and then the close sound of our own bugle, which had refused them at first, calling back: "Come! Come!"

Fire and wind . . . fire and wind and smoke, red and black . . . men, just brave, fire-fighting men, straddling the last inches of roofing in the teeth of death, hewing, shrieking . . . lady faces, looming tragically . . . two little children, holding hands somewhere, looking upon it all as if it were over the edge of the world . . .

"Maybe our Saviour knows he was good in some ways," came Davie's little chilly whisper.

The house had burned to its beams—just a wreath of a thing it was, a dazzling skeleton thing with the darkness showing through; and before it stood the Episcopal clergyman, our clergyman, reading, in his stately way, the services for death and burial. Against the bitterness of eternal death he prayed, his old voice breaking; once he had been Colin McCabe's pastor, too.

The soldiers had long been in the pine grove beating out blazing boughs, keeping watch and ward over my poor home beyond. Only our people seemed to be in the garden now, staunch Southerners, his people once . . .

Pale and sweet and windless the morning broke, and then all that was left of Colin McCabe's fair house was a tumbled heap in the devastated garden—still gleaming, still sending up trails of smoke—which was his pyre and grave.

SO he passed from my world, the man who was the darkest figure of all those dark figures in the little town which was my home in that immemorial period the history books call Reconstruction; we, ourselves, call it Hard Times to this day. They, the histories, have placed him in the shameful niche to which he doubtless belongs: the Southern man, the "renegade" or "scalawag" who joined the vandals swarming down like vultures for the last pickings of the war-ruined South. They, the histories, are gentle with our secret vengeance at last, lowering the flags of the Nation, as it seems, when touching upon our wrongs and tears.

But, as my mammy always said, it was something to have known a traitor like Colin McCabe—one so proud, so pitiful. And even if we see that we were foolish, too, sometimes—wickedly foolish, maybe, in those long agoes—it is something to have loved our South Carolina as we loved her when she was brooding like an angel with broken wings over the ruins of her sovereignty.



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